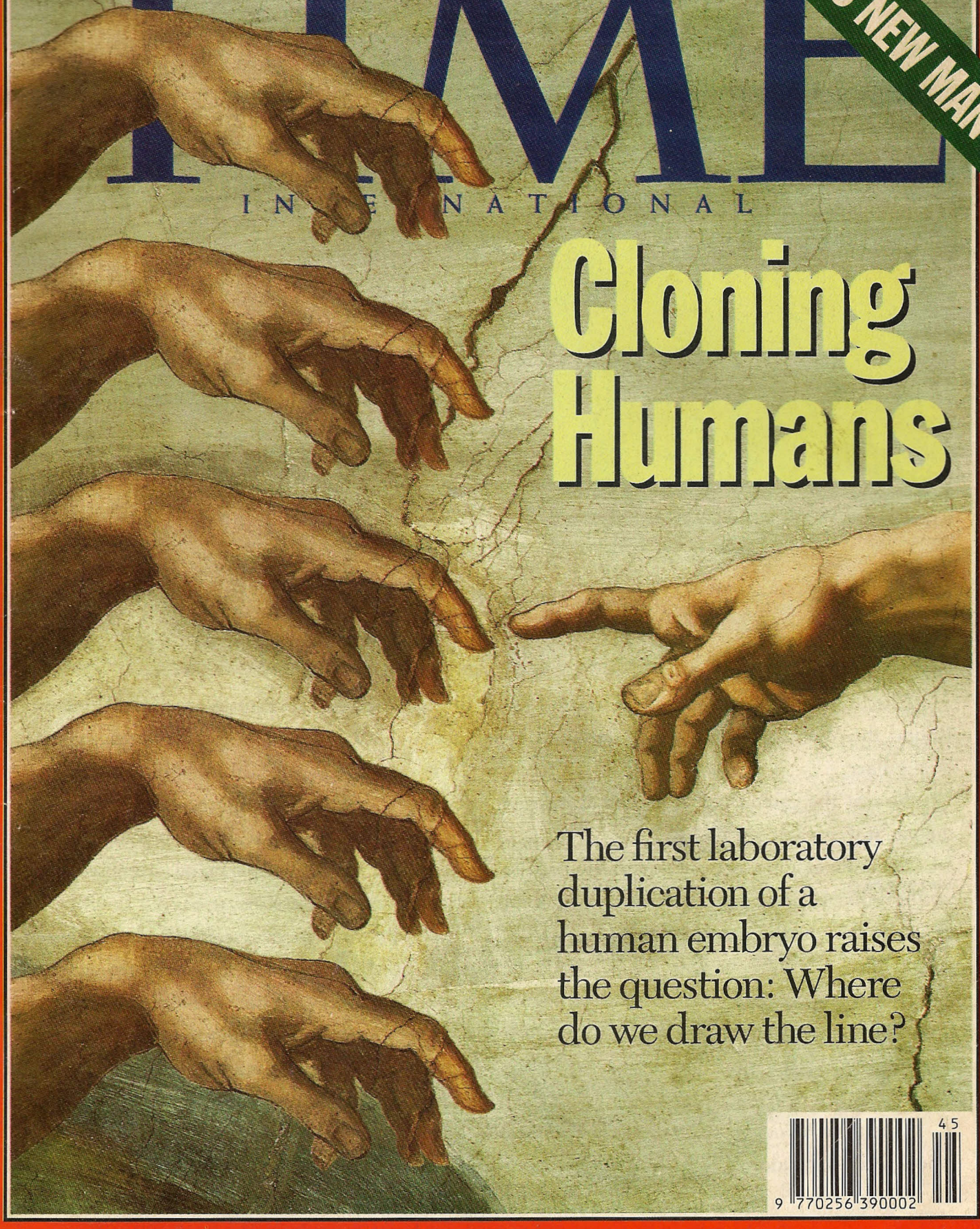
NOVEMBER 8, 1993 No. 45

TIME

INTERNATIONAL

CANADA'S NEW MAN



Cloning Humans

The first laboratory duplication of a human embryo raises the question: Where do we draw the line?

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VOL. 142 NO. 19

TO OUR READERS/TRAVELER'S ADVISORY 4
LETTERS 6
CHRONICLES 13
MILESTONES 17

CANADA: Chrétien Wins Big 18
But does he have the means to deliver on his promises?

U.S. CONGRESS: Oh, Dear Diary! 24
A Senator's memoirs raise questions of propriety and privacy

FRANCE: Balladur Hits Wind Shear 26
The government capitulates to strikers—and dives in ratings
Corked: YSL loses a case of Champagne in court

NORTHERN IRELAND: The Troubles Go Deeper 29
A new wave of killings spoils a peace initiative

SECURITY: How Collective a NATO? 30
Some old enemies want to become new allies

HAITI: The plot against Aristide 34
Shadowy figures may have foiled his return—forever

DIPLOMACY: A Slow, Dangerous Dance 39
The U.S. and North Korea talk about nuclear arms

COVER: To Clone or Not to Clone? 40
After an experiment in which two U.S. researchers made carbon copies of human embryos, the whole world debates whether science has finally stepped over the line.
Agribusiness: They clone cows, don't they? 44
Science Fiction: Cloning classics 46

INVESTMENT: The Risky Allure of Mutual Funds 47
With so much money flooding in, fears are also rising

FINANCE: Watch Out for IPOMania 49
Initial stock offerings are all the rage, but buyers beware

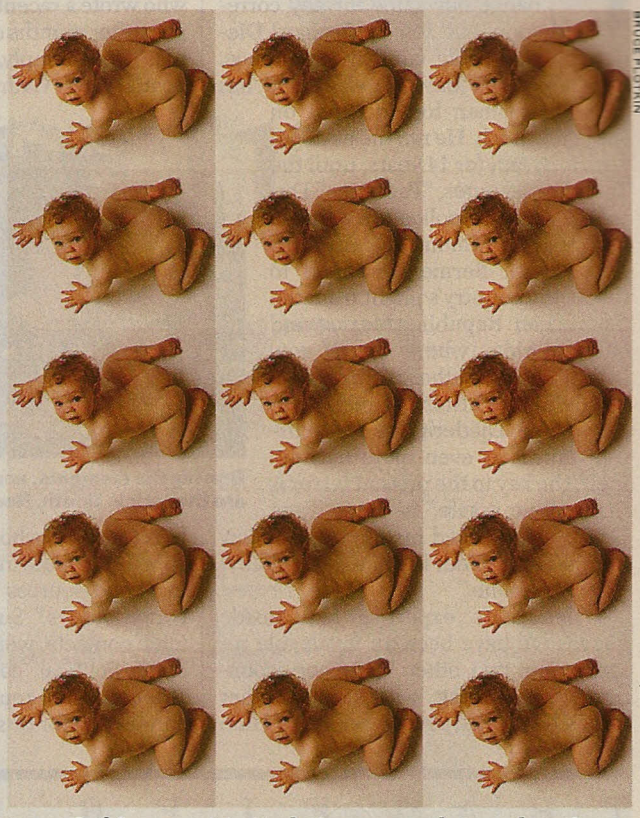
PROFILE: Boxing's Mr. Clean 50
Riddick Bowe is a champion for the puritanical 1990s

MEDICINE: How AIDS Attacks Cells 53
Researchers in France report an advance, but skeptics abound

THE ARTS & MEDIA
Art: Miró gets a lavish centenary show 54
Music: Vladimir Horowitz at his peak 58
Miles Davis' final burst of brilliance 58
Cinema: *Gettysburg* is a rare, intelligent epic 59
Books: A lyrical re-creation of Australian history 60
Singers: A new album and giant boxed set from Sinatra 61
Obituary: Federico Fellini, ringmaster and clown 64

SIGHTINGS 62
PEOPLE 63

COVER: *Computer-altered detail of Michelangelo's* Creation of Adam *from Art Resource, New York*



BRUCE PLOTKIN

Cover: Is this a promising technique or a path to madness?

STEVE LISS FOR TIME

Canada: Chrétien promised change—and that was enough

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He's Primed for P

Jean Chrétien is laden with action plans—plus a separatist and populist opposition and intimidating government debt. Can he get where he wants to go?

By MICHAEL S. SERRILL

ONLY TWO DAYS HAD PASSED SINCE the Liberal Party's landslide victory, but Jean Chrétien was raring to go into action. The man who will be Canada's 20th Prime Minister does not take office until this week, but at his first postelection press conference, he plunged into a small torrent of pronouncements. He had already given orders, Chrétien declared, to cancel the vanquished Progressive Conservative government's controversial plan to buy $3.6 billion worth of military helicopters. He also intended to halt, at least temporarily, the planned Tory sell-off of Toronto's government-owned Pearson International Airport. Most important, he said he would insist on his demand for renegotiation of the North American Free Trade Agreement, already endorsed by Canada, Mexico and the U.S., and would take the matter up with U.S. President Bill Clinton at a Pacific summit in Seattle on Nov. 19.

AP

True to enemy taunts, Campbell's leadership post was only a summer job

"It's time to pull the country together, time to get to work," Chrétien declared. He clearly meant it. So eager was he to get on with his busy schedule that he fled the planned 45-minute news conference after just 22 minutes—only to find that the limousine taking him to his next meeting had not arrived yet.

The false start highlighted a central challenge for Chrétien's Liberal government, which had engineered a stunning comeback to power after nine years in opposition. The Liberals are eager to go, but don't always have the vehicles to get there. Time and again on the campaign trail, the veteran politician from Shawinigan, Quebec, had waved a plan brimming with initiatives—but without many resources to deliver it. Yet the prospect of change was enough for Canadian voters. They handed the ruling Progressive Conservatives the worst defeat in the history of any Canadian party, reducing their House of Commons tally from 155 seats to a shocking two, while giving Chrétien a comfortable 177-seat majority. Prime Minister Kim Campbell, whose inept campaign was a marvel to friends and foes alike, lost her seat and, no doubt, the leadership post she held for only four months. In the taunt of foes, it was only Kim's summer job after all. Many analysts wondered whether the party that brought Canada into confederation 126 years ago can even survive the debacle.

Had Canadians given themselves more change than they bargained for? In the vacuum left by the imploding Conservatives, two new regional parties soared into power—dragging with them the perennial issue of Canada's political survival. For the first time in history, the official opposition party, with 54 seats, is an organization dedicated to the country's dismemberment: the separatist Bloc Québécois. Led by former Cabinet Minister Lucien Bouchard, 54, it forms a federal counterpoint to the provincial Parti Québécois, which has long sought to take the predominantly French-speaking province out of confederation.

Close behind the bloc came the western-based Reform Party, with 52 seats, a conservative populist group with an agenda of budget cutting, immigration controls and a further radical decentralization of Canada's already weak federal government. Reform leader Preston Manning, 51, is at the opposite pole from the Bloc Québécois, rejecting bilingualism and any special status for Quebec.

Pitted against these forces is one of the country's most experienced politicians—the holder of nine Cabinet posts in previous Liberal governments—and the most vocal federalist Quebec has produced since Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Chrétien, 59, will need all that experience to cope with a feisty young House of Commons swept clean of many old hands by his victory: some 200 of its 295 members will be new to the institution. He takes office with a plain, if daunting, mandate: to turn around the limp economy while preserving a social-service network that 28.5 million Canadians—and Chrétien himself—see as an inalienable right. Chrétien told TIME his intention to implement every platform plank outlined in the Liberals' Red Book, which he carried on the campaign trail. The question, in a country with a $26 billion federal deficit and a foreign debt of $225 billion—among the largest, per

Chrétien's Agenda—and Prospects

TRADE **Vows to renegotiate NAFTA unless the U.S. agrees to new binding rules against subsidies and dumping**
NAFTA awaits U.S. Congress's vote, Chrétien will discuss with Clinton on Nov. 19. Abrogation unlikely.

THE ECONOMY **Will quickly implement a $4.5 billion jobs plan**
Canada's deficit and external debt make large-scale pump priming prohibitive.

THE DEFICIT **Proposes to reduce it from 5.2% of GDP to 3% over three years**
Projections based on a somewhat rosy assumption that the economy would grow 4.5% annually.

SOCIAL PROGRAMS **Will maintain federal funding for universal health care, unemployment insurance and welfare benefits**
Still must look for new ways to control health costs, but user fees are not a likely prospect.

Power

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY STEVE LISS

capita, in the industrialized world—is how?

Chrétien's other task is equally tricky: to keep the issue of Canada's constitutional integrity "in the fridge," as he puts it, even though it is likely to be thawed at every parliamentary question period.

Chrétien's first priority will be to fix the economy, he says, because "that is the reason we got elected." The voters were obviously wishing him a lot of luck. Canada has one of the highest rates of unemployment in the industrialized West, at 11.2%. Many of the lost jobs were in high-paying manufacturing industries that have left Canada for good. A major factor in Prime Minister Campbell's political immolation was her frank warning to voters that she saw no improvement in employment before the turn of the century. Chrétien, ever the adroit politician, countered with a program to create 120,000 public-sector jobs, most of them building and repairing roads, bridges and other pieces of eroding infrastructure.

> "The Liberals can play around the edges with fiscal policy—but they can have no significant increases in spending."

Now that he is in office, however, Chrétien must confront the fact that anemic economic growth has stripped the government of revenues to support basic services, including the universal-health-care program, which has already suffered from a series of Conservative budget cuts. "The country is on the verge of financial crisis," says William Mackness, dean of the School of Management at the University of Manitoba. Agrees John Clinkard, chief economist of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Toronto: "The fiscal cupboard is essentially bare. The Liberals can play around the edges with fiscal policy—but they can have no significant increases in spending."

Chrétien has acknowledged the need for fiscal restraint—while at the same time giving voters a rosier view. His jobs program would cost $4.5 billion; he also wants to establish a youth corps to provide 10,000 short-term jobs, at an estimated cost of $75 million. His government plans a national day-care program ($540 million for the first three years), plus a prenatal-nutrition scheme ($22.5 million).

All of this will be paid for, according to the Red Book, out of cutbacks in other government spending, especially defense. Chrétien has declared that Canada can no longer afford to underwrite military expenditures made obsolete by the end of the cold war. But defense cuts, as Bill Clinton has learned, also mean unemployment. Chrétien's first slash at Campbell's planned purchase of 43 EH101 helicopters also means the loss of many highly skilled jobs, mostly in Quebec and Ontario.

More cuts will come later as the Liberals carry out their promise to tilt military spending toward U.N. peacekeeping operations, in which Canada already plays a prominent role. The projected savings from military cutbacks: $2.5 billion.

Different Feathers

By MICHAEL S. SERRILL

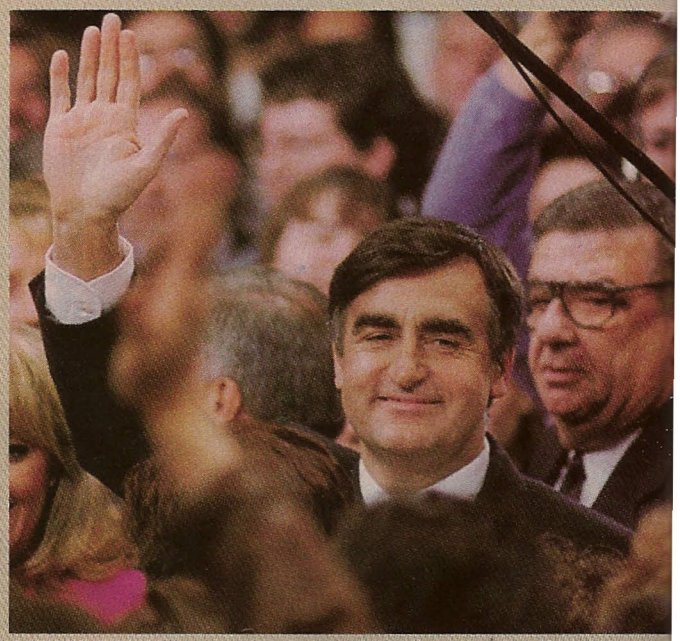
"THERE ARE TWO COUNTRIES IN THIS COUNTRY," proclaimed Bloc Québécois leader Lucien Bouchard last week. "They can and should start talking to each other more frankly—where it counts, in Parliament."

Never will Canada's federalists and separatists have a better opportunity to talk, argue and maneuver than they do now—and never has the three-year-old Bloc had a better chance to set the terms of discussion. Paradoxically, a party that does not recognize Ottawa's sovereignty has become Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in Parliament, meaning, among other things, that it will have the first right of reply to Liberal government legislation.

Much of the credit for that ascendancy goes to Bouchard, 54, a lawyer from the Saguenay River town of Chicoutimi with a strong streak of opportunism to match his nationalist views. In his long political career, Bouchard has been a Liberal, a separatist, a Tory and now is a separatist once more. Immediately before defecting to the Bloc, he served ex-Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, an old law school friend, as ambassador to France and Cabinet-level adviser on Quebec affairs.

Bouchard finally broke with the Conservatives after Canadians rejected "distinct society" status for Quebec in 1990, declaring that Quebec had been "humiliated." Since then, the classics scholar, whom Mulroney once dubbed the most eloquent French Canadian he knew, has put that talent at the service of separatism. "The country doesn't work anymore," he says. "We have to remake it."

From Bouchard's point of view, the separatist battle in Ottawa is a war being waged on two fronts. He will join other opposition parties to "defend Quebec's immediate interests," which means "to fight for jobs, for the unemployed and for the poor."



QUEBEC FIRST: Bouchard's choice of residence makes it clear that the loyalties of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition lie elsewhere

At the same time the Bloc will mesh its strategy with the provincially based Parti Québécois to win an election in Quebec next year that Bouchard hopes will result in a new referendum on independence. To drive home his belief that he has no place in English Canada, Bouchard will shun the opposition leader's official residence, Stornoway, located in the privileged diplomatic quarters of Rockcliffe, in favor of an apartment in Hull, the cluttered Quebec city on the other side of the Ottawa River from the capital.

While parliamentary numbers give Bouchard the opposition

A problem that may prove easier to solve in rhetoric than in practice is the Liberal stance toward NAFTA. Chrétien's promise to renegotiate the pact struck a chord among many voters, who blame free trade for the severity of the recession. It bonged no similar chimes in Washington. After a congratulatory telephone chat with Chrétien last week, President Clinton declared that the Liberal victory would have "no impact at all" on the agreement.

For his part, Chrétien insisted he would open new talks concerning subsidies to industry and the "dumping" of goods at excessively low prices. Annoyed U.S. trade officials repeated that they were not going to renegotiate the treaty, with Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen saying that if Ottawa chose to drop out, that was its problem. Analysts say the Liberals will likely be content to address subsidies and dumping in parallel agreements. The treaty will go before the U.S. Congress Nov. 17 and, if passed, is due to go into effect Jan. 1.

Even if the Liberals backed away from NAFTA, they would still be bound to the U.S. through the 1989 Free Trade Agreement. The business community, which generally supports NAFTA, is convinced that Chrétien will do nothing rash. "Chrétien throughout the campaign did not express any anti-business tone," said George Saba, chief economist of Montreal Trust. "There's a general acceptance that a Liberal majority government will not be financially reckless."

Reckless is not a word anyone would apply to Joseph Jacques Jean Chrétien. He is better known as the pre-eminent Liberal pragmatist, a man unmoved by ideology and a center-right moderate in a slightly center-left party. On the campaign trail Chrétien reinforced that image with his calm, controlled and predictable demeanor—a marked contrast to the mercurial and unscripted Campbell, whose offhand remarks were a constant source of trouble.

DURING THE ELECTIONEERING, Chrétien was derided by the Tories as "yesterday's man," a harpoon aimed at his long political experience, but which the Liberal leader deftly grasped as an asset. "When we are at sea and it becomes turbulent and dangerous," said Chrétien to a Nova Scotia audience toward the end of the campaign, "we turn to the person with the greatest experience, and we put him at the wheel to take us safely to shore."

It was a calming message, skillfully buttressed by Chrétien's plain-folks persona. The 18th of 19 children born to a machinist in Shawinigan, a bleak pulp and paper cen-

JIM MERITHEW FOR TIME

CONSERVATIVE SCION: Reform's Manning, with wife Sandra, believes that Canada needs a less visible government

leader's role, Reform Party leader Preston Manning argues that he is the de facto opposition leader for English-speaking Canada. And the evidence from last week's election lends credence to the claim. While 46 of the Reform Party's 52 seats are in its power base of British Columbia and Alberta, Manning's party also did well in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and populous Ontario. Though it won only one Ontario seat, Reform ran second in 57 of the province's 99 constituencies.

The party Manning founded in 1987 owes some of its success to growing Canadian cynicism about politicians and their works. Reform's philosophy is that he governs best who governs least. In Manning's "New Canada," there would be an end to government subsidies for job creation, day care, bilingual education and aboriginal tribes. There would be no federal mandate for provinces to provide health care or welfare; no group or region would have special status; businesses would be shorn of subsidies, grants, favorable tax policies and tariff protection. During the campaign, Manning was accused of putting together a collection of racists, gay bashers and assorted cranks; one of his parliamentary candidates was forced to withdraw when he spoke of preserving Canada for white Gentiles. No one accuses the soft-spoken, courteous Manning of similar extremism. He borrowed many of his ideas from his father Ernest, an evangelical Baptist minister who was head of the now virtually defunct Social Credit Party and was premier of Alberta for 25 years. The son's fundamental goal, Manning says, is to get government out of people's hair. In a platform that echoed Western U.S. populism as well as some views held by the American maverick Ross Perot, Manning would allow voters to bring their own issues to Parliament through citizen referendums, and would give them the right to unseat politicians through recall petitions. Manning says Reform will become Parliament's "fiscal and democratic conscience" in order to keep a check on the Liberal majority.

On the floor of the House, Reform and the Bloc Québécois are likely to regard each other with suspicion, since the Reformers would scrap official bilingualism and any other federal policy intended to blunt the edge of Quebec nationalism. For its part, the Bloc shares none of Reform's enthusiasm for near invisible government. Says Gilles Duceppe, a former union official who will serve as the Bloc's party whip: "We are very different from them in economic and social programs." Nevertheless, neither party rules out the possibility that they may find common ground on which to oppose the Liberals. Weakening Jean Chrétien, after all, is one thing that suits both parties' purposes very well. ***—Reported by Gavin Scott and Courtney Tower/Ottawa***

ter, he is a third-generation Liberal Party activist who began campaigning for candidates in local pool halls at 15.

After earning a law degree from Laval University, he hung out a shingle in his hometown and awaited his chance at elected office. He was undeterred by a mild facial paralysis that had plagued him since childhood—a disability that worked in his favor in the recent campaign when a tasteless Tory TV ad took clumsy aim at it.

Chrétien first won a seat in Parliament in 1963. When he arrived in Ottawa at 29, he spoke virtually no English, but he quickly learned the language of politics, rising through a succession of increasingly important jobs. In 1967 Chrétien was handed his first Cabinet post—Minister Without Portfolio attached to the Finance Ministry—in the government of Prime Minister Lester Pearson. He would in the ensuing years oversee ministries ranging from Mines to Finance to Foreign Affairs.

The greatest defeat of Chrétien's career came in 1984, when he lost a bruising battle for the Liberal Party leadership to John Turner. He retired from politics in 1986 to spend time with his wife Aline, whom he married in 1957, and their three children; he also cultivated a lucrative law practice. After Turner was walloped in the 1988 elections, Chrétien was called back to the fray. Elected to the Liberal leadership in 1990, he took a Commons seat by winning a New Brunswick by-election, then settled back. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was by then posting poll approval rates that sank as low as 15%. Chrétien coolly awaited the dismal descent of the Progressive Conservatives' fortunes.

That moment arrived with a strange twist. Chrétien is the first Liberal Prime Minister to win office without a majority of seats in Quebec—all the more surprising given his origins. That apparent rejection of the favorite son has much to do with Chrétien's role as an enthusiastic spear carrier for federalism. The hardest job Chrétien ever took on came when Trudeau assigned him to head the antiseparatist forces in Quebec's 1980 provincial referendum on independence. Chrétien rolled out all the populist skills learned on the stump in his native Saint-Maurice valley. Independence, for what? he asked sarcastically. "To make us lose our Canadian passport? To make us lose the riches that have always belonged to us?" Sovereignty lost by a 60%-40% vote, and Chrétien became a permanent target of scorn for French nationalists.

Resentment toward the man dubbed a sell-out to his homeland by his most virulent Quebec enemies drew a broader following in 1990, when Chrétien opposed the so-called Meech Lake Accord, which would have recognized Quebec as a "distinct society." Bloc Québécois leader Bouchard gave a cruel assessment of Chrétien's technique for turning Quebec scorn into a national advantage: "It is making himself sufficiently detestable in Quebec to be loved elsewhere." Chrétien admits it saddens him to be so disliked by fellow Québécois, but he is proud of his stand.

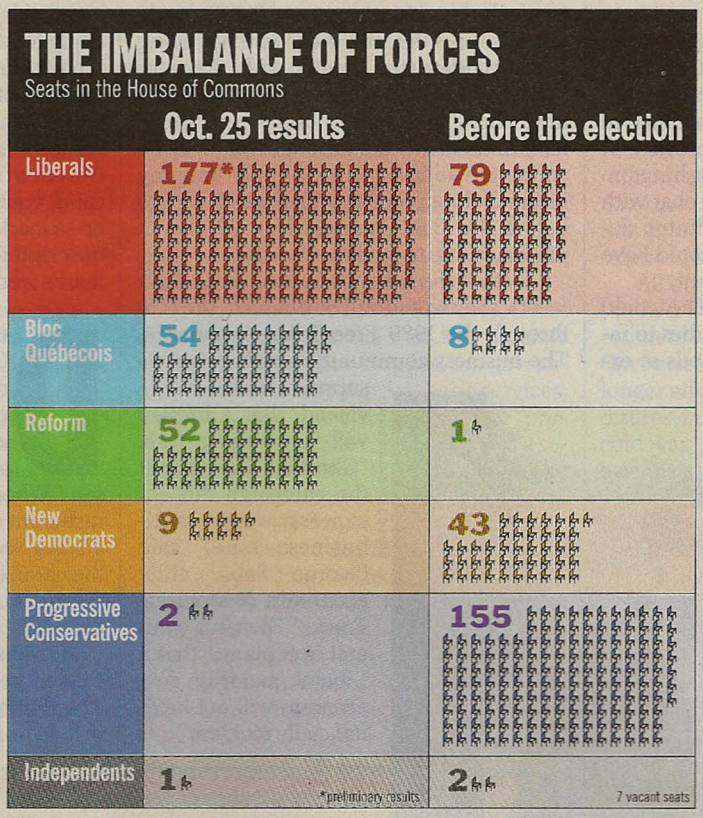
CHRÉTIEN'S ABILITY TO KEEP THE sovereignty issue off the table is unlikely to last long—not past November 1994, by which time Québécois must go to the polls to elect a new legislature. At the moment, the provincial Liberals under Robert Bourassa hold power, but Bourassa is stepping down, and oddsmakers currently favor the separatist Parti Québécois to win. If that happens, P.Q. leader Jacques Parizeau has promised yet another referendum to take Quebec out of the confederation. Chrétien does not believe it will happen. He attributes the success of the P.Q.'s federal counterpart, the Bloc Québécois, to frustration with the Tories' failures. "In Quebec they want economic growth," the Prime Minister–elect says. "They want to tackle the problem of the debt, just like the rest of the country."

Are Chrétien and his Liberals any better equipped to take on those problems than their humiliated Conservative counterparts? Certainly they come into office with a more activist attitude than Campbell and her predecessor, Mulroney. "Government can be a force for good in society," the Red Book intones. "Economic growth is not a matter for market forces alone . . . Societal issues cannot be addressed simply by having each individual aggressively pursue immediate, narrow self-interest."

But Chrétien will still need a lot of help from market forces—and he could get it. A fragile economic expansion is under way, and the Conference Board of Canada expects the gross domestic product to grow 2.4% this year and 3% in 1994. A major factor in the expansion is the performance of export industries, which account for 30% of the Canadian economy and are overwhelmingly aimed at the U.S. Manufacturing industries, slimmed down and productive after four years of hard knocks, are buying new machinery and tools to stay competitive. Any quickening of the U.S. economy can only improve the Canadian performance.

What the economy needs most, though, is an additional spurt of consumer spending, which is now flat as Canadians continue to worry about unemployment and cuts in social spending. Though Chrétien's announced public-works program will hardly make a dent in the ranks of the unemployed, he hopes it will boost consumer confidence.

Much depends, however, on the confidence of Canadians in his government. In the euphoria of his triumph, that hardly seems a problem, but the parliamentary scuffling has not yet begun. Soon enough, he will be under assault from the Reformers for taxing and spending too much; from the separatists for elbowing aside Quebec's sovereignty; from the left wing of his own party for his fiscal moderation and, in all likelihood, for failing to take a combative stance with the U.S. " 'Yesterday's man' has become today's dreamboat," wrote Tory insider Dalton Camp in the Toronto *Star* after Chrétien's victory. But without some supreme political maneuvering and a lot of luck, both he and the country could once again be swamped in uncertainty. ***—Reported by Gavin Scott and Courtney Tower/Ottawa***

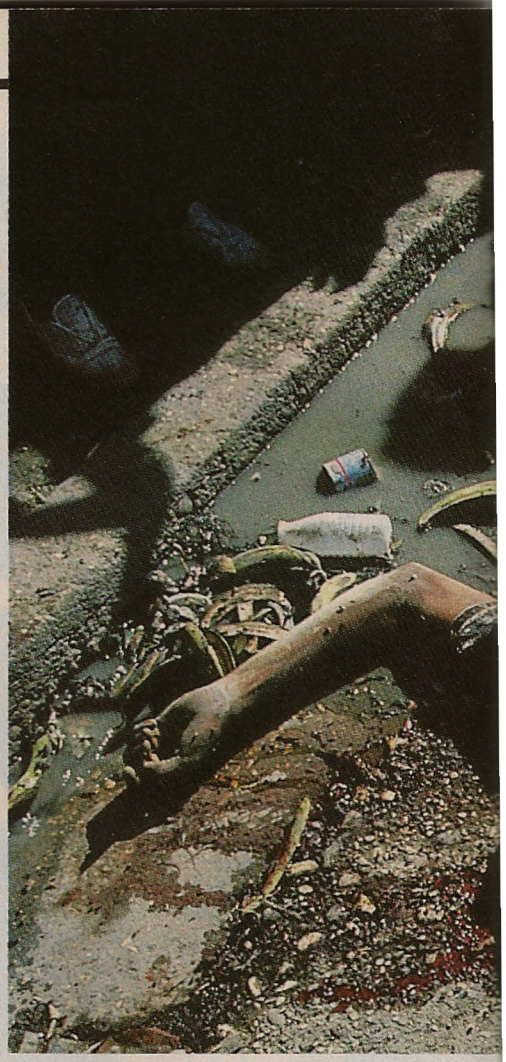


HAITI

With Friends Like These

A host of shadowy figures is helping Haiti's military rulers hatch a plot to sideline Aristide permanently

By JILL SMOLOWE



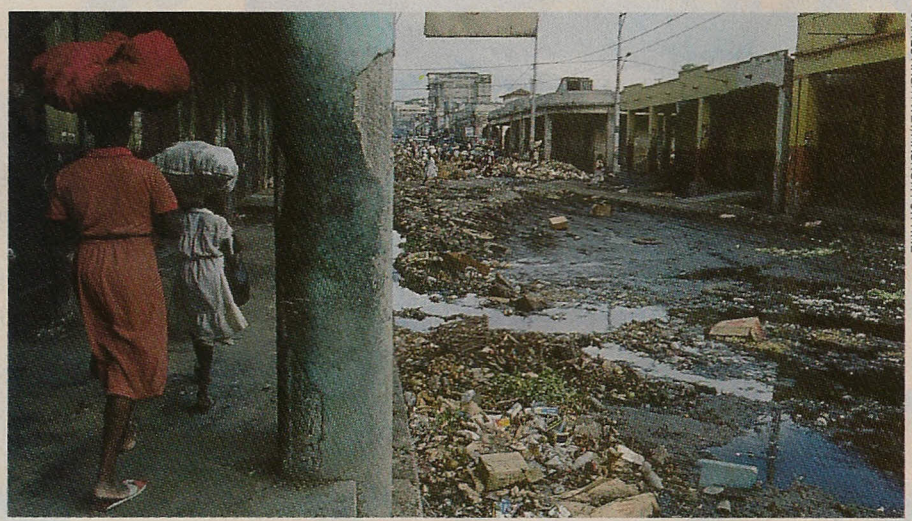
IMPISH AND PAUNCHY, WITH A SHOCK OF white hair and the rumpled look of a *blanc manan* (white man) who has lived in the tropics too long, Lynn Garrison describes himself simply, if cryptically, as "a friend of Haiti." But this is a "friend" with unusual connections. Frequently Garrison can be spotted scampering along the colonnaded balcony of military headquarters in Port-au-Prince before slipping into the office of Lieut. General Raoul Cédras, Haiti's military ruler. Even when the Haitian military was bracing for a U.S. Marine landing last month, harried and grim-faced senior commanders still paused in their duties to shake hands with the tiny Canadian. When the action is less tense, Garrison skin dives with Cédras and schmoozes on the phone with staffers of U.S. Senators Jesse Helms and Bob Dole, offering insider tidbits about Haiti's political situation. "Everything the U.S. Senate knows," boasts Garrison, "comes from me."

Rumors about Garrison abound. It is believed that the native of Calgary carries a U.S. green card and has a home in Los Angeles. He is credited with—or blamed for—masterminding a propaganda campaign against the exiled President that was allegedly responsible, at least in part, for the recent CIA charges that Aristide is a manic depressive. Aristide calls such allegations "garbage." His sympathizers in Miami claim Garrison is the CIA's designated handler for Cédras. Garrison says he is not CIA, but he claims to have longstanding contacts within both the Central and Defense Intelligence Agencies. He says that in 1970 he worked "with the Americans" to overthrow the Libyan regime of Muammar Gaddafi.

The former Canadian air force officer denies that he either holds any position in the Haitian government or accepts any pay for his services, but a source close to the junta describes Garrison as a "major strategist." And one of Garrison's claims, if true, suggests that such a top post would be redundant. Asked by TIME last week about the military's intransigent stance against Aristide's return, he responded, "It is my doing," then added, "The Haitians are just too nice. I am the mean son of a bitch around here."

In a country where rumors and braggadocio provide the only diversion from the steady spray of bullets, the truth of such talk is hard to gauge. So, too, are the claims of a cast of shadowy players, some of them veterans of previous U.S. capers in the region, who are lending their skills to the Haitian military's attempt to form a "reconciliation government." But plainly something is afoot.

In a radio interview last Friday, Cédras said that the U.N. agreement brokered in July was dead if Aristide did not return as planned the next day, and would not be revived unless both he and Aristide decide otherwise. Anti-Aristide sources said last week that with the U.N. accord now technically expired, the junta is planning to invoke Article 149 of the Haitian constitution, which calls for the chief justice of the Supreme Court to assume the presidency. Haiti's bogus Parliament, which was elected last January under military rule, will then be called into session to ratify the change. After that, the new President will call for the establishment of a "reconciliation government" that includes all major players, save Aristide. Ninety days later, elections will be held—leaving the U.N. to choose between two "elected" Presidents. Supporting those claims is a communiqué issued last Saturday by 12 political parties



JAMES NACHTWEY/MAGNUM FOR TIME

TROPICAL DISASTERLAND In the slums of Port-au-Prince, rumors provide the only diversion from the steady spray of bullets

JAMES NACHTWEY/MAGNUM FOR TIME

A "HAITIAN SOLUTION" The talk of a constitutional coup is always there, but the daily shootings are a harsh reality

and movements. It stated that if Aristide did not resign by 3 p.m. Sunday, they would announce plans to replace him.

Garrison claims that during a visit to Washington last month, he was told by officials (whom he declines to identify) that the way out of the Haitian logjam involves three steps: discrediting Aristide, removing him from the presidency, then proposing and implementing a new government. Garrison says further that these American officials asserted that a primary U.S. objective was to maintain the integrity of the Haitian military because it is the only stable social structure in the tropical disasterland. While Garrison may know officials who believe this, the U.S. Administration remains officially committed to Aristide's return.

The idea of an interim presidency, however, is hardly farfetched. Since seizing power in 1991, Cédras and the two other members of Haiti's reigning troika—Lieut. Colonel Joseph Michel François, the police chief, and army chief of staff Philippe Biamby—have tried repeatedly to set such a scheme in motion. Now, emboldened by the military-staged thug-fest that turned back the troopship U.S.S. *Harlan County* from Port-au-Prince on Oct. 11, the triumvirate is ready for its end game.

Last Friday, U.N. special envoy Dante Caputo warned the military government specifically not to try to appoint an interim President. Caputo insisted that the U.N. plan "remains fully in force." He added that representatives of Aristide and the military would soon be invited to meet in Haiti to continue discussing plans for the ousted President's return and an amnesty for the 1991 coup leaders.

In Washington the Clinton Administration tried to walk the fine line between encouraging negotiations with the military leaders while not seeming to hand them a political victory. In private, Clinton has spoken of his decision not to send any American troops to Haiti. Instead he plans to create a "duststorm" of diversions, foremost among them a tightening of the international arms and oil embargo. Publicly the President warned Haiti's military leaders that if they thwarted "democracy's return," they would be "making a grave mistake." But he also spoke of "America's commitment to finding a negotiated settlement."

Washington's continued willingness to negotiate with Haiti's military leaders stuns Aristide supporters. "Apparently," marvels Robert White, a former U.S. ambassador to El Salvador and an unpaid adviser to Aristide, "nothing will shake the touching faith the Clinton Administration has in the Haitian military's bona fides."

Aristide supporters charge that such faith reflects long and continuing relations between Haiti's top commanders and their U.S. counterparts. They claim that Cédras and François both trained at Fort Benning, Georgia. Although U.S. officials deny connections between the CIA and the Cédras-François axis, it is hardly a secret that the CIA often recruits foreign soldiers training under U.S. command for intelligence duties in their home countries.

Washington's newly emerging willingness to distinguish Cédras from François does little to dispel suspicions that the U.S. attitude toward some of Haiti's henchmen is not as hostile as American rhetoric would indicate. "François is really the major problem," says a Pentagon analyst. Cédras, he says, is "somebody we can deal with." Last week at a press conference Clinton singled out only François by name for criticism, not Cédras.

While it is unclear if the U.S. strategy is to divide and conquer or divide and coax, Haiti's junta is prepared either way. Boasts a member of the high command: "We can play with that nicely." Indeed, Haiti's strongmen appear to enjoy "playing" with the Clinton brigades. A Cédras adviser claims that when the military agreed to negotiate with Aristide at Governors Island in New York last July, "the whole thing was a smokescreen." He continues, "We wanted to get the sanctions lifted.

Cédras and François are "together all the time. They go to church together. They play volleyball together, and they're in this to the end."

DANIEL MOREL—AP

THE STRONGMEN François, right, the chief of repression, confers with Cédras, the head of the army

That's why we went along. But we never had any intention of really agreeing to Governors Island, as I'm sure everyone can now figure out for themselves. We were playing for time." (Aristide himself never liked the U.N. plan, which grants amnesty to those who mounted the coup against him. Three weeks ago, he told TIME the U.S. had pressured him to sign.)

At first the junta wasn't sure what time would buy them. "We read Clinton in two different ways," says an adviser to François. "Somalia told us Clinton didn't have the stomach to fight, but we were worried that, precisely because of Somalia, he might feel he had to stand up somewhere and that we could be his target. That's why, a few weeks ago, we made noises about accommodation. But after the information about Aristide got out from our friends in the CIA, and Congress started talking about how bad he is, we figured the chances of an invasion were gone."

According to this source, there was an interim plan for Cédras to resign as a way to lure Aristide back into the country. Once Aristide arrived, he says, "he would be killed." Max Paul, who directs Haiti's ports, through which the military allegedly allows at least one ton of cocaine to pass each month on its way from Colombia to the U.S., dismissed such a scenario with a chuckle. Actually, he told TIME, the military leadership realized that if Aristide returned, "we likely would have been killed in a bloody civil war. Or we could have done what we have done: tell Clinton to get lost. We thought we had a fifty-fifty chance that he'd run away, which is what he's done. Our strategy worked."

If the Clinton Administration's gambit is to set François up for a fall, Haiti's chief of repression is not playing. Clinton is determined to avoid a U.S. military intervention and will revisit that decision only if harm comes to any of the thousand or so Americans still in Haiti. "We know that," says an adviser to François, "and that's why our No. 1 priority is to protect the Americans here." The military is concentrating now on its Haitian solution to sideline Aristide permanently while keeping U.S. troops at bay. To effect that, they are relying on the advice of some players used by past U.S. administrations.

The shadowy Garrison, who is constantly at Cédras' side, has flown in Kevin Kattke, a former Macy's department-store maintenance engineer who has had his finger in more than one American intelligence pie. In 1983 Kattke helped Oliver North prepare the 1983 U.S. invasion of Grenada. He was also on hand in Haiti in 1986 when Baby Doc Duvalier was ousted. (Raymond Burghardt, who oversaw Latin American affairs for the National Security Council at the time, credits Kattke with "knowing that Baby Doc would be toppled before the U.S. embassy did.")

Kattke claims to be helping the Haitians fashion a "reconciliation government that can pass muster." To help promote the idea that the military's plan represents a "Latin way out of this," he has enlisted Rafael Pantaleon, a former Dominican Republic ambassador to the U.N. Pantaleon is operating with the "complete knowledge and approval" of Dominican President Joaquin Balaguer, says Kattke, adding that Balaguer "hates Aristide from way back." Also in the Garrison-Kattke loop is Norman Bailey, chief economist for the U.S. National Security Council during the Reagan years, who explains, "We want to get Haiti back on track economically."

Another retread from past U.S. foreign adventures is Henry Womack, who helped oversee construction of the base that the Reagan Administration–backed *contras* used to stage attacks against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. By day Womack tends his southern Florida storm-shutter business. At night he hunkers down in an eight-bedroom yellow stucco house in South Miami with François' sister Elsie and her husband Charles Joseph. Their aim is to assist Haiti's military in presenting a "fresh face" to the world. Womack says he offers Haiti's rulers "a white man's thinking." Joseph has paid visits to the offices of Republican Senators Larry Pressler and Jesse Helms, as well as various Congressmen, to sell the idea of manipulating Article 149 to seat a new President in Haiti.

Some of the doings of this Miami trio border on the farcical. Womack complains that his phone has been temporarily disconnected because of his constant calls to Port-au-Prince. "I can't get reimbursed for the $3,000 I owe the phone company," he says. Although firmly supportive of Haiti's military regime, Womack says he "got involved with these folks initially last spring to do business." He details an elaborate plan to tap U.S. aid funds for low-interest loans that would be used to transport New York City garbage to Haiti, where it would be processed into mulch to fertilize plants bioengineered to provide high-quality paper pulp. "We could collect $38 a ton for the garbage," claims Womack. "We'd make a bundle, and the government could get enough to pay the whole army's salaries."

Garrison skin-dives with Cédras and has contacts with U.S. Congressmen. "Everything the U.S. Senate knows," he boasts, "comes from me."

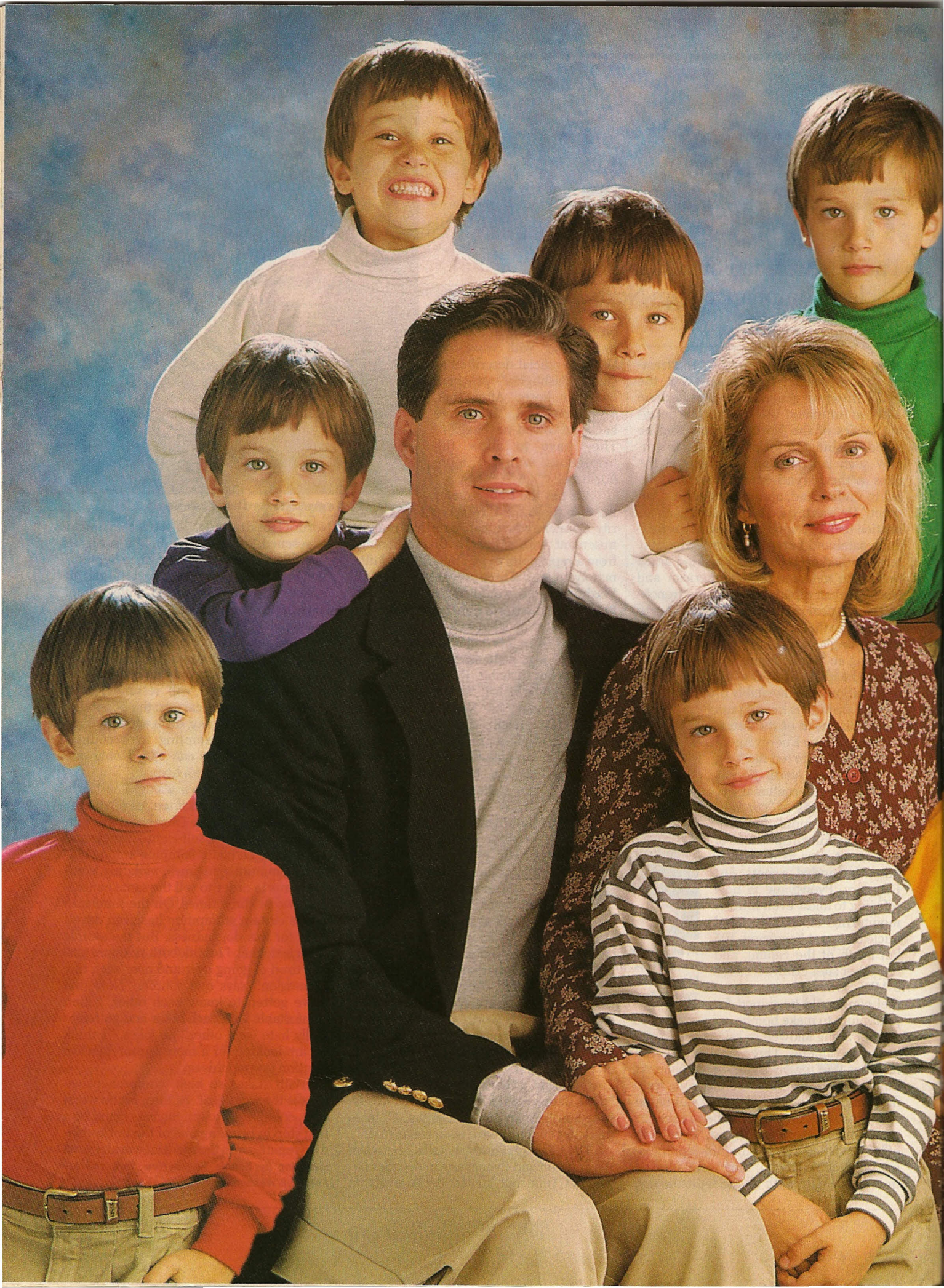
CALGARY HERALD

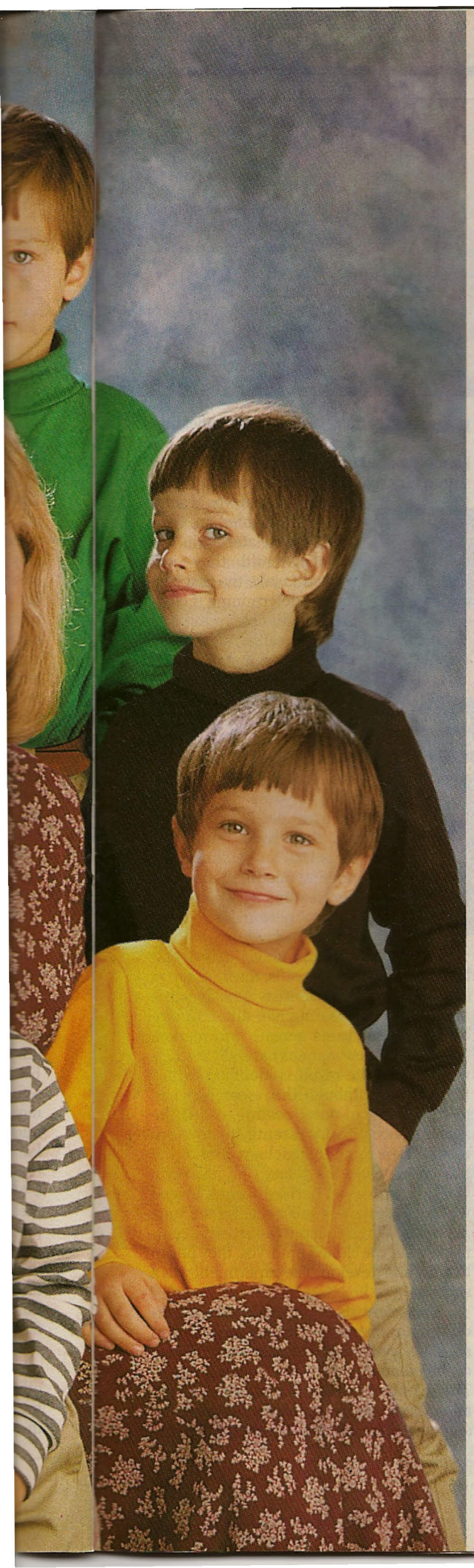
"A FRIEND OF HAITI" Garrison has nothing good to say about Aristide and nothing bad to say about the ruling military leaders

The more serious scheme to install an interim President hinges on the not unreasonable assumption that Clinton may at some point have to cut a deal with the military, declare a victory and retreat home to resume training his laser on domestic issues. It also requires continued accord within Haiti's reigning troika. Biamby and Cédras have been close friends since the early 1970s when they both attended Haiti's military academy. They show no inclination to part ways.

As for Cédras and François, the signals are mixed. "Their fates are completely linked," insists François's sister Elsie. "They're together all the time. Their wives are very close. They go to church together. They play volleyball together, and they're in this together to the end."

Perhaps. But François has been known to call Cedras *cocopol* (chicken s___) behind his back. And a military source in Haiti reports that François is miffed that the recent assassination of Justice Minister Guy Malary was handled by the army but carried out by François's men—without his prior knowledge. Some Haitians see in this an army attempt to reduce François's power. A military officer who watches François closely says Haiti's top cop has woven his own power structure and manages it with considerable skill. Whether in league with Cédras or not, François plainly intends to stay at the helm. "The military controls Haiti," he asserted recently, "and it always will." As yet, there is little reason to believe that will change anytime soon. —***Reported by Edward Barnes, Cathy Booth and Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince, Michael Kramer/Miami, J.F.O. McAllister and Bruce van Voorst/Washington***





SCIENCE

CLONING: Where Do We Draw the Line?

Researchers duplicate a human embryo, provoking cries that technology has gone too far

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

WHEN IT FINALLY HAPPENED—after years of ethical hand wringing and science-fiction fantasy—it was done in such a low-key way by researchers so quiet and self-effacing that the world nearly missed it. The landmark experiment was reported by Jerry Hall at a meeting of the American Fertility Society in Montreal three weeks ago. Afterward, colleagues came up to congratulate him and say "Nice job." Others voted to give his paper, written with his supervisor, Dr. Robert Stillman, the conference's first prize. But nobody seemed to want to pursue the one fact that made his little experiment—in which he started with 17 microscopic embryos and multiplied them like the Bible's loaves and fishes into 48—different from anything that had preceded it. Hall flew back to George Washington University, where he is director of the in-vitro lab and where Stillman heads the entire in-vitro fertilization program, reassured that people would view his work as he saw it: a modest scientific advance that might someday prove useful for treating certain types of infertility.

How wrong he was. When the story broke last week—on the front page of the New York *Times* under the headline SCIENTIST CLONES HUMAN EMBRYOS, AND CREATES AN ETHICAL CHALLENGE—everybody focused on the one thing the scientists seemed willing to overlook: the cells Hall had manipulated came not from plants or pigs or rabbits or cows, but from human beings.

Once it was out, the news that human embryos had been cloned flew around the world with the speed of sound bites bouncing off satellites. That afternoon the switchboard at George Washington logged 250 calls from the press. By the next day more calls and faxes were flooding in from as far away as Spain, Sweden, South Africa and Australia. A spokesman for the Japan Medical Association found the experiment "unthinkable." French President François Mitterrand pronounced himself "horrified." The Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* warned in a front-page editorial that such procedures could lead humanity down "a tunnel of madness."

Do you think human cloning is a good thing?

Yes	14%
No	75%

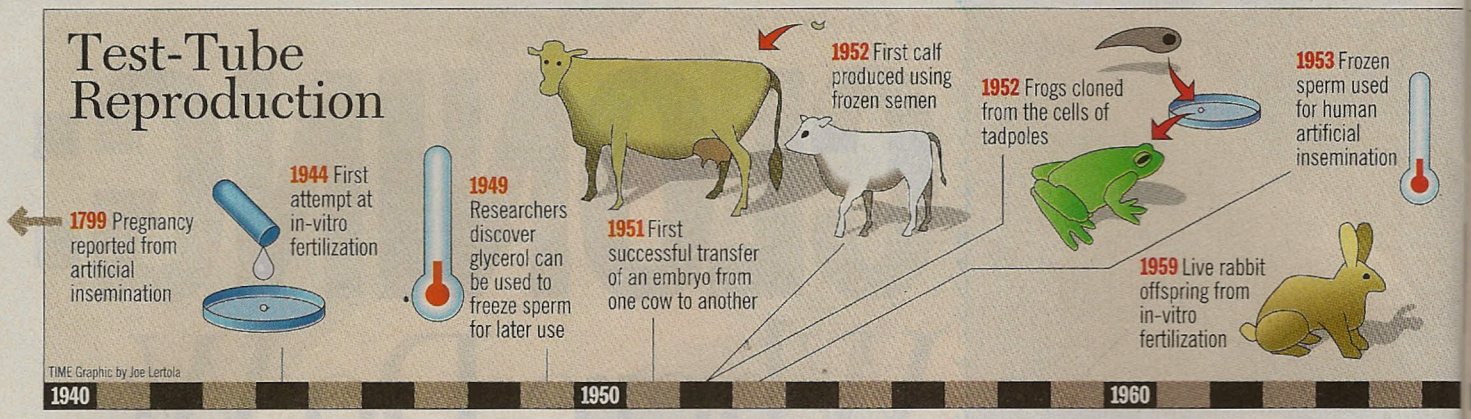
Would you like to have been a clone?

Yes	6%
No	86%

From a telephone poll of 500 adult Americans, taken for TIME/CNN on Oct. 28 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ± 4.5%.

It was the start of the fiercest scientific debate about medical ethics since the birth of the first test-tube baby 15 years ago. A line had been crossed. A taboo broken. A Brave New World of cookie-cutter humans, baked and bred to order, seemed, if not just around the corner, then just over the horizon. Ethicists called up nightmare visions of baby farming, of clones cannibalized for spare parts. Policymakers pointed to the vacuum in U.S. bioethical leader-

Photo Illustration for TIME By Gregory Heisler



ship. Critics decried the commercialization of fertility technology, and protesters took to the streets, calling for an immediate ban on human-embryo cloning. Scientists steeled themselves against a backlash they feared would obstruct a promising field of research—and close off options to the infertile couples the original experiment had intended to serve.

Indeed, the results of a TIME/CNN poll taken last week suggest that Americans find the idea of human cloning deeply troubling: 3 out of 4 disapprove. A substantial 40% would put a temporary halt on research, and 46% would favor a law making it a crime to clone a human being.

THE EXPERIMENT AT THE center of the controversy seems, in many ways, unworthy of the hoopla. It is not the *Jurassic Park*–type cloning many people might think of, in which genetic material from a mature individual—or DNA from an extinct dinosaur—is nurtured and grown into a living replica of the original. This is far beyond the reach of today's science. There is a vast difference between cloning an embryo that is made up of immature, undifferentiated cells and cloning adult cells that have already committed themselves to becoming skin or bone or blood. All cells contain within their DNA the information required to reproduce the entire organism, but in adult cells access to parts of that information has somehow been switched off. Scientists do not yet know how to switch it back on.

Nor does the Hall-Stillman experiment involve genetic engineering—the cutting and splicing procedures by which DNA strands within the nuclei of cells are mixed and matched. In one kind of genetic engineering, scientists have inserted human genes into the DNA of bacteria in order to mass-produce insulin and other human proteins. They have also experimented with therapies that involve replacing genes in human patients who either lack those genes or whose genes are defective. The George Washington research required none of that. The cells were just copied with their genes intact—a far simpler process. Simple enough, in fact, that agricultural researchers have used it to clone embryos from cattle, pigs and other animals for more than a decade.

What brought the research into the human arena was the rapidly developing field of in-vitro fertilization. In clinics popping up around the world, couples who have trouble conceiving can have their sperm and eggs mixed in a Petri dish—and the resulting embryos transferred to the mother's womb. The process is distressingly hit-or-miss, though, and the odds of a successful pregnancy go up with the number of embryos used. In a typical in-vitro procedure, doctors will insert three to five embryos in hopes that, at most, one or two will implant.

But some couples cannot produce more than one embryo, perhaps because the man's semen is in short supply or the woman's ovaries are running out of eggs or do not respond well to hormone treatments designed to stimulate them into superovulating (producing large numbers of eggs on demand). A woman with only one embryo has about a 10% to 20% chance of getting pregnant through in-vitro fertilization. If that embryo could be cloned and turned into three or four, the chances of a successful pregnancy would increase significantly.

This is the reason Hall and Stillman began experimenting with cloning. But they weren't trying, in their initial effort, to produce clones that would actually be implanted in their mothers and later born. The scientists said they just wanted to take the first step toward determining if cloning is as feasible in humans as it is in cattle. Working in George Washington's in-vitro fertilization clinic, they selected embryos that were abnormal because they came from eggs that had been fertilized by more than one sperm; these flawed embryos were destined for an early death whether or not they were implanted. Thus Hall and Stillman saw nothing unethical about experimenting with them, and they got permission to do so from the university.

When one of those single-celled embryos divided into two cells, the first step in development, the scientists quickly separated the cells, creating two different embryos with the same genetic information. (This sometimes happens naturally inside a mother, and the result is identical twins.) In the process, though, the researchers had to strip away an outer coating, called the zona pellucida, that is essential to development. Then came the trickiest part of the procedure. Over the years, Hall had been working with a gel derived from seaweed that could serve as a substitute for the zona pellucida. When Hall put the artificial coating around the cloned embryos, they began to grow and develop. The experiment was a success.

The scientists replicated their procedure many times, producing 48 clones in all. That was the entire experiment. None of the clones grew for more than six days. The scientists had no intention of starting an embryo factory, selling babies or doing anything else that ethicists worry about.

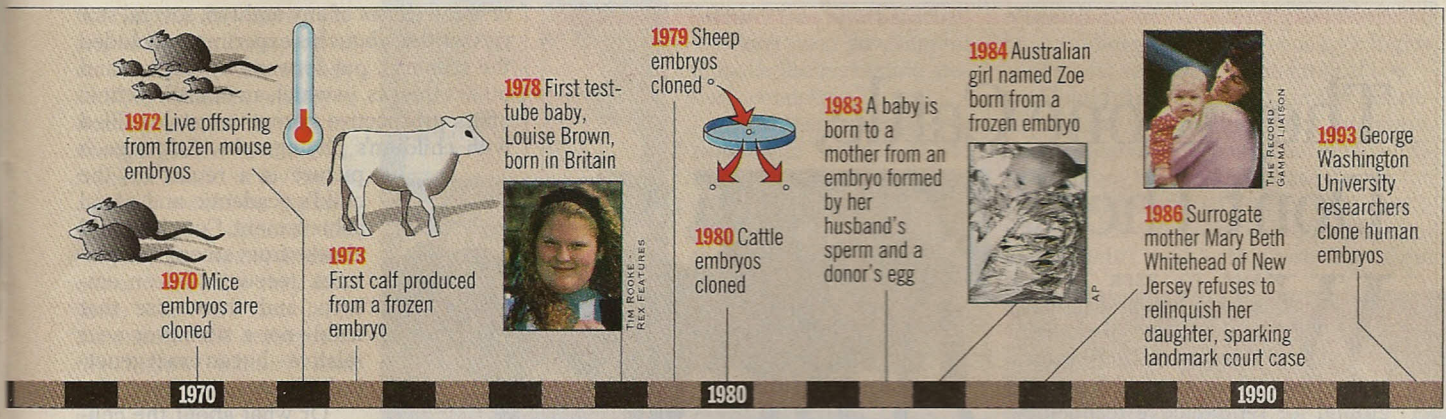
Do you think medical research on cloning should be allowed to continue?

Allowed to continue	19%
Temporary halt	40%
Banned	37%

If you conceived a child, might you be interested in cloning the embryo?

Yes	7%
No	90%

CYNTHIA JOHNSON FOR TIME



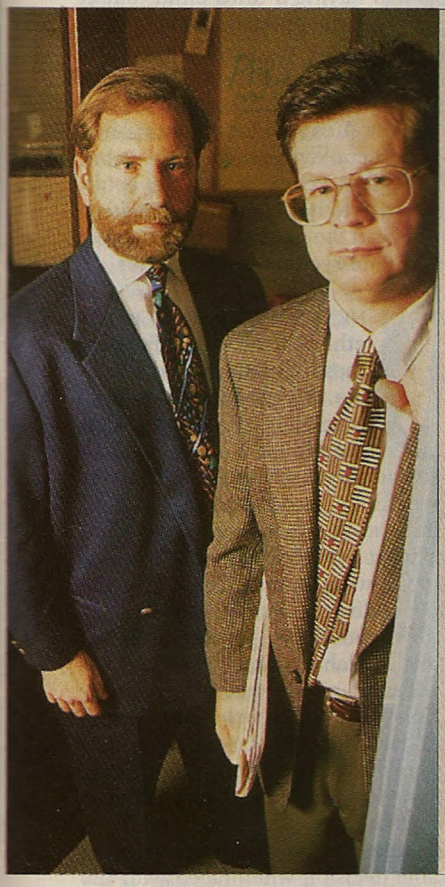
In fact, Hall and Stillman were totally taken aback by the furor they created. TIME correspondent Ann Blackman asked Hall if he feared that his work would create a backlash against this kind of research. "I revere human life," said Hall, his voice choking with emotion. "I respect people's concerns and feelings. But we have not created human life or destroyed human life in this experiment." To Hall and Stillman, human cloning is simply the next step in the logical progression that started with in-vitro fertilization and is driven by a desire to relieve human suffering—in this case, the suffering of infertile couples.

That is certainly the least controversial of the technology's potential applications. In the TIME/CNN poll, Americans were evenly split on whether they approved or disapproved of cloning for this purpose. If it works—and that is still a big if—it could probably find a market among infertility patients who have tried everything else. "It's pretty scary," said Barbara Tilden, a 39-year-old Illinois woman who has gone through eight different infertility treatments in the past 10 years. "But I'd probably consider it as a desperate last attempt."

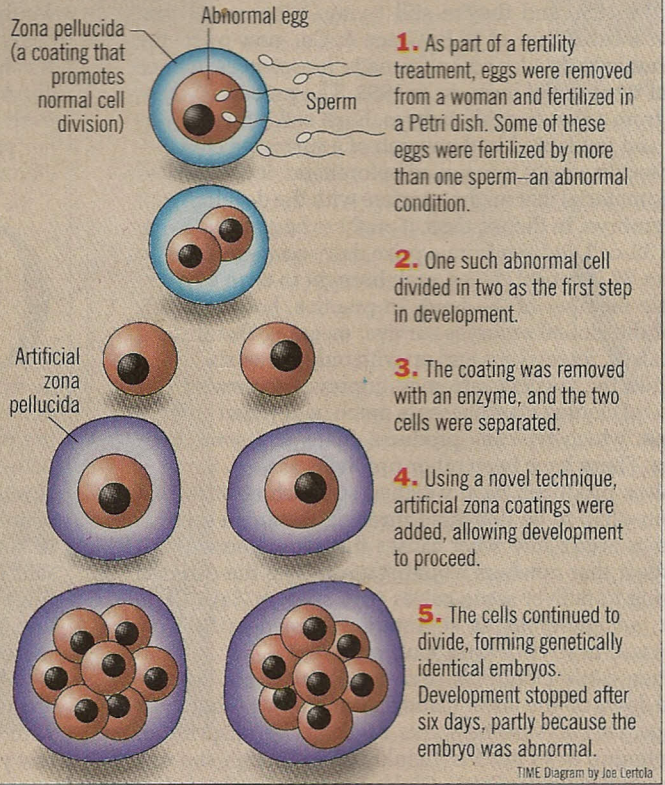
Arthur Caplan, director of the Center for Bioethics at the University of Minnesota, could conjure up several equally defensible ways in which cloning human embryos might be medically appropriate. Suppose, for example, a woman knew she was about to become sterile, either because of chemotherapy or through exposure to toxic substances. She might consider having an embryo cloned for future use. Or suppose a couple knew that their children had a chance of inheriting hemophilia or cystic fibrosis. Researchers have developed DNA-analysis techniques to screen embryos for such disorders, but the procedures require snipping cells off embryos, a process that sometimes kills them. In such situations, having a couple of extra clones around could mean the difference between passing on a defective gene or giving birth to a perfectly healthy child.

Even these uses of cloning are fraught with ethical difficulties—not the least of which is the assumption that a defective embryo will be discarded, an action that most right-to-life advocates equate with murder. Medical ethicists have worried for some time that advances in reproductive technology in the U.S. are proceeding in an ethical vacuum, one created not by the technology but by the politics of abortion. "Congress and our state legislatures are fearful of anything that gets them near the abortion debate," complained Caplan. "As a result, we have had no systematic discussion of surrogacy, of what to do with frozen embryos when parents die, of who can operate a fertility clinic. And we have had no systematic discussion of cloning."

As soon as Caplan heard the news from the American Fertility Society meeting, he phoned Gina Kolata, the reporter at the New York *Times* who broke the story. As a result, Caplan helped shape the discussion that followed. For example, although Hall's technique cannot produce more than two



How the Embryos Were Cloned



1. As part of a fertility treatment, eggs were removed from a woman and fertilized in a Petri dish. Some of these eggs were fertilized by more than one sperm—an abnormal condition.

2. One such abnormal cell divided in two as the first step in development.

3. The coating was removed with an enzyme, and the two cells were separated.

4. Using a novel technique, artificial zona coatings were added, allowing development to proceed.

5. The cells continued to divide, forming genetically identical embryos. Development stopped after six days, partly because the embryo was abnormal.

TIME Diagram by Joe Lertola

STILLMAN AND HALL: Two shy, intensely private men forced to defend themselves on *Larry King Live*

They Clone Cattle, Don't They?

Triplicate bulls bred by Granada were testimony to the technology's power

WANT TO PEEK INTO A crystal ball and glimpse at the future of cloning? One way might be to look at the livestock industry, the proving ground for reproductive technology. More than a decade has passed since the first calves, lambs and piglets were cloned, and yet there are no dairy herds composed of carbon-copy cows, no pigpens filled with identical sows. While copying particular strains of valuable plants such as corn and canola has become an indispensable tool of modern agriculture, cloning farm animals, feasible as it may be, has never become widespread. Even simple embryo splitting, the technique used by the George Washington University researchers on human cells, is too expensive and complicated to take off commercially. "Cloning," says George Seidel, an animal physiologist at Colorado State University, "remains very much a niche technology."

But people have certainly tried to turn livestock cloning into a booming branch of agribusiness in the U.S., and they're still trying. Wisconsin-based American Breeders Service, a subsidiary of W.R. Grace & Co., now owns the rights to cattle-cloning technology developed by Granada Biosciences, a once high-flying biotech firm that went out of business in 1992. The process calls for single cells to be separated from a growing calf embryo. Each cell is then injected into an unfertilized egg and implanted in the womb of a surrogate cow. Because the nucleus of the unfertilized egg is removed beforehand, it contains no genetic material that might interfere with the development of the embryo. In theory, then, it ought to be possible to extract a 32-cell embryo from a prize dairy cow and use it to produce 32 identical calves, each brought to term by a less valuable member of the herd. In practice, however, only 20% of the cloned embryos survive, meaning that instead of 32 calves, researchers end up with only five or six.

Do you think human cloning is morally wrong?

Yes	58%
No	31%

Do you think it is against God's will?

Yes	63%
No	26%

While the success rate may improve, at present this method of cloning does not seem much better than embryo splitting, which typically produces twins and sometimes triplets. There have been other problems as well. Some of the calves produced have weighed so much at birth that they have had to be delivered through caesarean section. Scientists aren't sure what causes this phenomenon, but they know that ranchers wouldn't appreciate the expense of having to deliver some calves with surgery. Says Carol Keefer, an embryologist at American Breeders Service: "There is so much to learn about cattle yet."

When cattle cloning is perfected, it may not be welcomed down on the farm. Idaho dairyman Kurt Alberti, for instance, isn't so sure he wants to clone the offspring of prizewinning cows like his Twinkie, even though she was the American Jersey Cattle Club's top milk producer last year and her calves fetch handsome prices on the auction block. Using cloning to create large numbers of identical calves runs counter to what breeders strive to do. Alberti wants to create cows even better than Twinkie, and the only way to do that is by constantly reshuffling the genetic deck with a fresh supply of genes. Indeed, rather than a major advance in livestock breeding, cloning taken to extremes could prove to be the exact opposite—a big step, all right, but in the wrong direction.

—By J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago

or three clones of any embryo, several stories written about his experiment included the scenario, put forward by Caplan and other ethicists, in which an infertility clinic offers prospective parents a catalog filled with children's photographs. Below each picture is a report on the child's academic and social achievement. Couples could choose from among the pictures, receive a frozen embryo, and then raise that child—not a sibling or near relative—but an exact genetic duplicate.

Or what about the couple that sets aside, as a matter of course, a clone of each of their children? If one of them died, the child could be replaced with a genetic equivalent. If another required a bone marrow or kidney transplant, a donor could be thawed and raised with tissues that are guaranteed to be 100% compatible. Or what if the couple just feels like having a third child that is more like their daughter than their son? By thawing out the corresponding embryo they could have a second daughter who would be a twin of the first, only several years younger. A couple for whom money was no object could give birth to the same child every few years. A woman could even give birth to her *own* twin, provided her parents had the foresight to preserve a clone of the embryo that produced her.

ONE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE AN ethicist to see the difficulties these situations could create. All parents know how hard it is to separate what they think a child ought to be from what he or she actually is. That difficulty would be compounded—for both the parent and the child—if an exact template for what that child could become in 10 or 20 years were before them in the form of an older sibling. "I think we have a right to our own individual genetic identity," said Daniel Callahan, director of the Hastings Center, an ethics-research organization in Briarcliff Manor, New York. "I think this could well violate that right."

Many of the uses envisioned for cloning are not particularly farfetched compared with things that are already happening. A few years ago, a California couple made a remarkable decision when faced with the news that their daughter was dying of leukemia. The father braved a vasectomy reversal and the mother a pregnancy at 43 to have a new child born for the express purpose of providing the bone-marrow transplant that saved the older child's life.

Husband and wives who have been through in-vitro fertilization with some embryos left over have had to wrestle with

the fact that they have a potential human being stored on ice. There are already 10,000 frozen embryos floating around in liquid-nitrogen baths in the U.S., stuck in a kind of icy limbo as their would-be parents sort out the options. Do they let the embryos thaw out and die? Do they give them away? Do they have the right to sell embryos to the highest bidder? And who gets custody—or the cash—in a divorce?

When the profit motive enters into the equation, ethical considerations tend to be forgotten. And private profit drives the infertility business in the U.S. "We are one of the few countries in the world where you can sell sperm and eggs," said George Annas, a medical ethicist at Boston University. There are already catalogs that list the characteristics of sperm donors—including one made up of Nobel prizewinners. Without regulation, it will only be a matter of time, said Annas, before some entrepreneur tries to market embryos derived from athlete Michael Jordan or model Cindy Crawford.

"This is the dawn of the eugenics era," declared Jeremy Rifkin, founder of the Foundation on Economic Trends, a biotechnology-watchdog group in Washington. Painting a dark picture of "standardized human beings produced in whatever quantity you want, in an assembly-line procedure," Rifkin organized protests last week outside George Washington University and other U.S. reproductive-research institutions.

Rifkin, however, was the exception. Few people seemed to be thinking of the *Brave New World* visions in which a totalitarian government creates whole subclasses of clones designed expressly for particular tasks. As Annas pointed out, there are better ways to create a crack U.S. Navy SEAL team or an astronaut corps than to clone the appropriate mix of sperm and egg and wait 20 years. "Maybe if this were Nazi Germany, we would worry more about the government," said Annas. "But we're in America, where we have the private market. We don't need government to make the nightmare scenario come true."

Do you approve of the use of cloning for the following purposes?

To provide infertile couples using test-tube fertilization with more embryos to increase their chances of conceiving

Approve	45%
Disapprove	46%

To make it easier for scientists to screen embryos for inherited abnormalities

Approve	40%
Disapprove	52%

To produce babies whose vital organs can be used to save the life of others

Approve	24%
Disapprove	70%

To make it possible for parents to have a twin child at a later date

Approve	17%
Disapprove	78%

To establish embryo banks from which prospective parents could select a child with genetic characteristics they desire

Approve	16%
Disapprove	80%

To make it possible for societies to clone and reproduce large numbers of individuals with genetically desirable traits

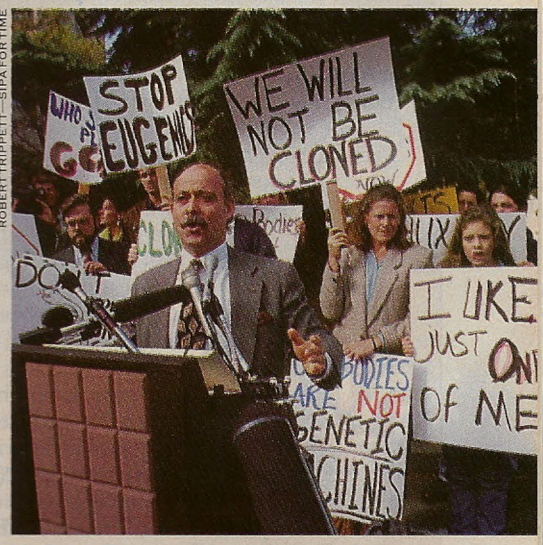
Approve	6%
Disapprove	89%

Most people seemed to respond to the idea of human cloning at a more fundamental level. In the TIME/CNN poll, 58% said they thought cloning was morally wrong, while 63% said they believed it was against God's will. "It's not that anyone thinks there is a commandment 'Thou shalt not clone,'" said Margaret O'Brien Steinfels of Catholic *Commonweal* magazine. "But there are limits to what humans ought to be thinking about doing." For many, the basic sanctity of human life seemed to be under attack, and it made them angry. "The people doing this ought to contemplate splitting themselves in half and see how they like it," said Germain Grisez, a professor of Christian ethics at Mount Saint Mary's College in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

The reaction from around the world was, in may ways, even more heated. "This is not research," snapped Dr. Jean-François Mattei of Timone Hospital in Marseilles, France. "It's aberrant, showing a lack of a sense of reality and respect for people." In Germany, Professor Hans-Bernhard Wuermeling, a medical ethicist at the University of Erlangen, was equally repelled by the notion of producing clones for spare parts, calling it "a modern form of slavery."

German officials were quick to point out that the experiment Hall and Stillman conducted—cloning a human embryo—would be considered a federal offense in Germany, punishable by up to five years in prison. "The Americans do not even have our scruples," complained Rudolf Dressler, deputy whip of the Social Democratic opposition in the Bundestag. "They simply go ahead with research, cost what it may." More than 25 countries have commissions that set policy on reproductive technology. In Britain, cloning human cells requires a license the governing body refuses to grant. Violators face up to 10 years in prison. In Japan all research on human cloning is prohibited by guidelines that in the country's highly conformist society have the force of law.

Should America adopt similar restrictions? That may be difficult at this point. Such research is usually controlled indirectly through the federal purse strings: the government simply cuts off funding to projects the U.S. Congress finds offensive. But that wouldn't work in this case since there



ROBERT TRIPPETT—SIPA FOR TIME

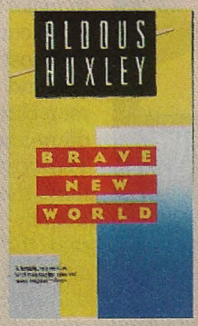
"This is the dawn of the eugenics era," said Rifkin, calling for a ban on embryo splitting

is no federal funding for embryo research; experiments are financed largely by private money, much of it derived from the booming business of in-vitro fertilization.

MAKING MATTERS EVEN more complicated, there is no federal body charged with setting artificial-fertilization policy in the U.S. The last congressional commission empowered to debate the new technology was disbanded in 1990. Instead, policy is set by a patchwork of state laws, professional societies and local review boards, like the one at George Washington that gave the go-ahead to Hall and Stillman.

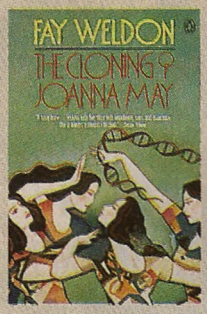
Two weeks ago, a report by the congressional Office of Technology Assessment presciently recommended that the government step in. In the past, bioethical policy could have been addressed by any one of a series of federal boards. Perhaps the best was a presidential commission established under President Carter that developed broad policy guidelines on some of the most controversial issues in medicine, such as deciding when brain death has occurred or when it is ethically correct for a doctor to withhold treatment. The commission was disbanded in 1983. Last week's debate made it likely that some kind of national board will be established during President Clinton's watch. It had better be

Cloning Classics



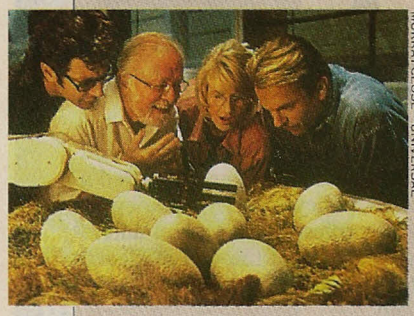
WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING WITH CLONING, ethicists and science-fiction writers have almost indistinguishable job descriptions. Both groups propose hypothetical situations in which cloning might happen, then examine the likely implications. The only real difference is that ethicists respect the laws of plausibility and don't waste much time on scenarios that probably won't ever come to pass. Science-fiction writers trash those same laws with creative gusto.

The result has been a relentless stream of outrageous books, movies and television shows, beginning with Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, published 61 years ago, and continuing through the box-office behemoth *Jurassic Park*. There are mysteries, thrillers, love stories—even a sci-fi parody of an old pop song ("Weird Al" Yankovic's *I Think I'm a Clone Now*, sung to the tune of Tommy James and the Shondells' *I Think We're Alone Now*). Cloning, in fact, has been a fertile enough subject to earn its own lengthy entry in the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*.



Freed from the anchor of realism, fiction writers have drifted off in all sorts of strange directions. Huxley's idea was that cloning based on embryo splitting (he called it "bokanovskification") would be used to mass-produce drones for performing menial labor. Huxley's Gammas, Deltas and Epsilons were separated from the higher-class Alphas and Betas not just by economic status but also by biologically engineered physical and intellectual traits.

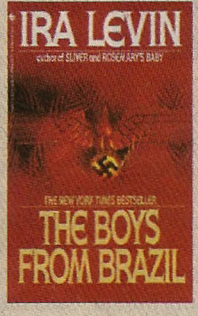
A different vision of cloning, involving not just the splitting of embryos but the generation of an entire human from a bit of tissue, leads down another fanciful path: re-creating a specific person. In Ben Bova's novel *Multiple Man* (1976), several exact copies of the U.S. President are found dead and no one is certain whether a clone or the real McCoy sits in the Oval Office. In Nancy Freedman's 1973 book *Joshua, Son of None*, the clone is a real President, John F. Kennedy. And Ira Levin's 1976 novel (later a movie), *The Boys from Brazil*, imagines neo-Nazis cloning a batch of Hitlers; luckily the conspirators' failure to duplicate precisely the real Hitler's upbringing leaves the ersatz Führers imperfectly evil.


MURRAY CLOSE—UNIVERSAL

***Jurassic Park* warns about the peril of tampering with nature**

If cloning became common, then sex—along with male and female genders—would be unnecessary. That's the conceit of books such as Charles Eric Maine's *World Without Men* (1958) and Poul Anderson's *Virgin Planet* (1959). Conversely, cloning might be a device for preserving love. The 1991 British TV miniseries *The Cloning of Joanna May*, based on a Fay Weldon novel, is about a man who dumps his unfaithful wife—but only after cloning her so he can replace her with her twin a few years down the line.

There is one aspect of cloning, though, that writers have largely overlooked: its potential for laughs. The most obvious exception to that rule is Woody Allen in *Sleeper*. The high point of the film comes when Allen's character kidnaps the severed nose of a Big Brother–like dictator before it can be cloned to oppress the world once more, and holds it hostage at gunpoint. It's hard, though intriguing, to imagine what ethicists would do with that one. ***—By Michael D. Lemonick. Reported by David Bjerklie/New York***



Do you think human cloning should be completely legal?

Completely legal	3%
Legal but regulated	46%
Illegal	46%

done quickly. Hall told TIME that his technique could produce human clones within "a minimum of a couple of years."

Sensing a shift in the regulatory wind, many reproductive scientists wished aloud that the cloning issue had never been raised—or at least not in this way. "[Hall and Stillman] haven't done science or medicine any favors," said Dr. Marilyn Monk, a researcher at London's Institute of Child Health. Dr. Leeanda Wilton, director of embryology at Australia's Monash IVF Center, where much of the in-vitro fertilization technology was developed, said there were hundreds of scientists who could have split an embryo in half, just the way Hall and Stillman did. "They haven't done so because it opens a can of worms," she said.

Hall and Stillman discovered this, to their dismay, in the glare of publicity. At an impromptu press conference the evening the story broke, and in subsequent appearances on *Nightline*, *Good Morning America* and *Larry King Live*, the bewildered scientists tried to keep the discussion focused on the facts of their experiment: that the embryos were defective, that they were never implanted, and that they could never have grown into living humans. Instead they had to field questions from callers like the one who wondered if their technique could be used to put a lion's head on a horse's body.

Having set the terms of the debate—which focused not on what had actually happened but on the frightening scenarios that could arise sometime in the future—the ethicists clearly carried the day. Hall and Stillman retreated to the last refuge of the research scientist. "We have set out to provide some basic information," said an exasperated Hall on *Larry King*. "It's up to the ethicists and the medical community, with input from the general public, to decide what kind of guidelines will lead us in the future."

But that stance may not be adequate in the years to come, as genetic engineering and cloning begin to converge. It is becoming increasingly apparent to the researchers exploring these frontiers that they have to become ethicists as well as scientists. Technology tends to develop a momentum of its own. The time to discuss whether it is right or wrong is before it has been put to use, not after. ***—Reported by David Bjerklie/New York, Ann Blackman/Washington, Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago***

ART

The Purest Dreamer

On his centenary, a lavish show celebrates the vision of Joan Miró

By ROBERT HUGHES

MIRÓ, IN SPANISH, MEANS "he saw"—an absurdly good name for a painter. Joan Miró died 10 years ago, and 1993 marks the centenary of his birth. It has been celebrated in Spain, where the centerpiece was a large retrospective in Barcelona. An even bigger Miró show is now at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City: 291 paintings, drawings, sculptures and ceramics, put together by art historian Carolyn Lanchner. Miró got his first retrospective, at MOMA, more than half a century ago, and now he is getting the treatment reserved for the heaviest guns of 20th century art.

Miró was a marvelous artist—some of the time. But he was also a painter with definite limitations, which began to show when, fairly late in his career, he started working on what one thinks of as an American scale. It is hard to bring to mind any of those big, late canvases—a blue field with a few dots on it and a squiggle or two—that one would willingly swap for one of his fiercely impacted little canvases from the 1920s, like Petri dishes swarming with bizarre and emblematic micro-organisms.

Wisely, Lanchner has concentrated on the best Miró years, from 1915 to about 1960, and skipped the enormous output of prints and the flood of repetitious paintings he turned out in the last quarter-century of his life. But this takes nothing away from the brilliance, even genius, of his earlier work—especially in the '20s and '30s, when he was making the finest paintings associated with the Surrealist movement.

Miró always used to be referred to as "the great Spanish artist," which is technically true but culturally wrong. He was a *Catalan* artist, and the difference—as anyone who knows Catalans will know—mattered greatly to him. Catalans like to think of their culture as both older than most of Spain's (Barcelona was a great medieval city when Madrid was mud huts) and newer as well—the roof on which the rain of north European avant-gardes fell before its patter reached the rest of Spain.

If there's one artist who exemplifies this, it's Miró, in whose work the archaic and local got fused to the new and unpredictable, with scarcely a cushion between the two. Miró's "internationalism" was largely the result of fame and an art-distribution system that became pan-European and then, after World War II, transatlantic. But the real stem of his imagination was intensely provincial, rooted in the Catalan compost; it was shaped, it is true, by the influence of Cubism and then by his immersion in the Surrealist avant-garde during the '20s, but drew its tenacious fantasy from sources as deep as those of his great Catalan predecessor, the architect Antoni Gaudí. Miró's work is Catalan and French—rather as that of border-crossing troubadours in the 15th century had been. It constitutes one of the great oeuvres of modernist painting, and it probably would not do so if he had not been exposed to the challenge of Paris and the stimulus of Surrealism.

Miró was born and raised in Barcelona. But his parents had a farm near Tarragona, at Montroig, where he spent a good part of his youth from 1911 on, starting with recovery from an attack of typhoid fever coupled with a mild nervous breakdown. It is tempting to relate the extraordinary sharpness of focus, the dreamlike distinctness of Miró's early rural images to the fevered impressionability of a convalescent mind. The countryside in general, and Montroig in particular, would always exercise a peculiar fascination for Miró—the symbol of what Catalans call *enyoranca*—a sort of global, unappeasable nostalgia.

Miró was set on going to Paris, knowing perfectly well that the French avant-garde set a standard against which his own burgeoning inventiveness could be tested. But it is significant that when he finally got there in 1921, he took with him a handful of dried grass from Montroig as a talisman of memory, to help him with

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C., GIFT OF MARY HEMINGWAY

THE FARM: a summation of memory with the clarity of a Renaissance townscape; at right, from the CONSTELLATIONS series: unity of forms dancing in deep space

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, ACQUIRED THROUGH LILLIE P. BLISS BEQUEST

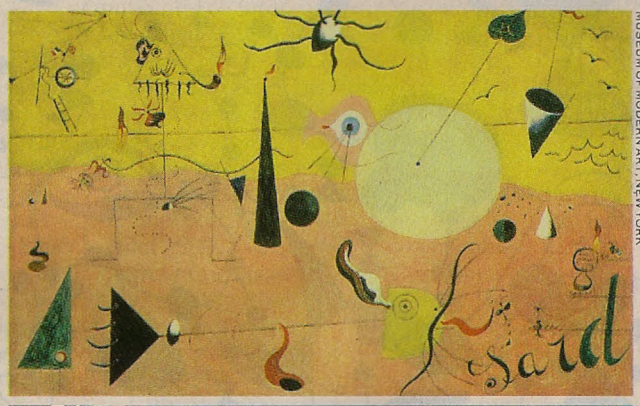
the big painting he rightly considered his first masterpiece: *The Farm*. Frontal as a nursery ark, bathed in the raking dream-light of early morning and constructed with the geometrical clarity of a Renaissance townscape, this was Miró's summation of memory. As its first owner, Ernest Hemingway, wrote, "It has in it all that you feel about Spain when you are there and all that you feel when you are away and cannot go there. No one else has been able to paint these two very opposing things."

It was Miró's power of recall as much as anything else that caused the Surrealists to adopt him. His own habits consorted oddly with the Surrealists'. He was shy, abstemious, almost obsessively neat, and faithful to his wife. But he was the purest dreamer in Paris, and they needed him.

Like most art that is genuinely inventive, as distinct from passingly novel, Miró's images grew from the past and drew on it for their strength. His sinuous and elastic line took part of its character from Art Nouveau calligraphy, the pervasive civic style of Barcelona in his boyhood. His use of huge feet or hands as autonomous symbols of the body comes to mind at once when you see the exaggerated limbs of the Catalan Romanesque frescoes he loved and often consulted. Time and again, looking at carved Romanesque capitals and tympana in Catalan churches, from Ripoll in the north to Tarragona in the south, you catch yourself breathing his name.

His bestiary of images, wild and swarming and drawn with a line as exact as a knife's cut, comes from multiple sources. One, obviously, was Hieronymus Bosch. Another was the decorative art of Islamic Spain, with its precise yet often hallucinatory stylization of animal and vegetable shapes; the first sign of its incursion into Miró's work is the 1918 *Standing Nude*, whose sturdy body, pleated with Cubist (or at any rate, cubified) wrinkles, poses against a drapery covered with arabesques and birds. And there were the mosaic inventions of the Catalan artist Josep Marià Jujol, who worked for Gaudí when Miró was a teenager, and whose wandering line and isolated words in tile clearly stayed in Miró's mind as he did his poem-pictures.

Miró's work thereafter would stay populated with images of specifically Catalan identity. "Hard at work and full of enthusiasm," he reported to a friend from Montroig in 1923. "All the pictorial problems resolved. We must explore all the golden sparks of our souls." *The Hunter (Catalan Landscape)*, 1923-24, is full of such sparks, starting with the figure of the hunter himself, with his floppy cap—the traditional *barretina*, which is to *Catalunya* roughly what Stetsons are to Texas—and his heart, burning with neat little flames of patriotic ardor, somewhat resembling an anarchist's grenade about to go off.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

FUNDACIÓ JOAN MIRÓ, BARCELONA

THE HUNTER: Catalan fantasy; below, MAN AND WOMAN IN FRONT OF A PILE OF EXCREMENT: decorative scatology

Much barer works followed: the astonishing series of a dozen or so large landscapes that Miró produced in Montroig in 1926 and 1927, which include *Dog Barking at the Moon*, *Animated Landscape* and *Landscape with Rabbit and Flower*. It is as hard to account for the spell of the last of these as it is to evade it. It is quintessential Miró—a field divided roughly in half by a rambling horizon line, the earth featureless and red, the sky equally featureless (except for the ceremonious care with which the paint has been deposited) and blue. In the sky hangs a thing like a bladder, with a thin black line dangling to earth: the "flower." The "rabbit," a sort of yellow Shmoo, regards it from below. There is nothing else. It ought to be ridiculous, but it is profoundly haunting, full of an indefinable melancholy provoked by what Miró identified as his work's main motif: "tiny forms in vast empty spaces." And you are always struck by the sheer amount of work that he lavished upon those tiny forms. The bugs and dogs, even the genital hairs, of Miró's imagination live because of the graphic care expended on them: his solicitude makes them vibrant, his consciousness becomes theirs.

Miró claimed that his landscapes "have nothing whatever to do with outer reality. Nevertheless they are more *Montroig* than if they had been painted *from nature*." His work was to have an immense influence on abstract painting—What would American artists in the '40s, from Arshile Gorky onward, have done without him?—and yet it never lost its sense of wonder at the world or ceased to anchor itself in sharp little signs and pictographs denoting the specific. Its utter conviction is furthered by Miró's resort to painstaking, almost old-masterly construction and technical effects: in the mid-'30s he produced a series of tiny oils on copper, such as Man and Woman in Front of a Pile of Excrement, 1935, in which grotesqueness and scatology collide with an enameler's decorative sense.

The climax of Miró's talent for oscillating between the general and the particular was 23 modestly sized paintings known, collectively, as the Constellations, most of which he painted in Mallorca, after fleeing occupied France, in 1940-41. MOMA has managed to assemble all of them—a real feat of curatorial borrowing power. The recurrent shapes in these are two black forms—the circle and a bow tie, or diabolo—which overlap and dance in deep space in swarms, with uncanny and magical precision, alternating with other signs from his repertoire: eye, face, star, vagina, hairs, moon, bird. They are defined and linked by a wonderfully stringent and rhythmic play of black lines. These virtually define Miró's vision of cosmic unity, a pictorial feat of the highest order.

You can imagine Miró's Gothic ancestors nodding in approval at such miniatures. Their concentrated energy seems to have carried the artist along for another decade. But though he painted many a good picture afterward, he was never to repeat this sustained burst of inspiration. See the Constellations now if you can: it will be a very long time, if ever, before they are all lined up again. ■

MUSIC

The Greatest Pianist of All?

An epic set recalls the magic of the legendary Russian pianist in his peak years

By MICHAEL WALSH

EVEN THE STURDIEST REPUTATIONS have a way of changing after the death of an artist. At the turn of the century Paderewski was considered a nonpareil concert pianist; in hindsight his slipshod technique and questionable musical taste consign him to a place among the keyboard's lesser lights.

Perhaps it is too early to revise the conventional wisdom on Vladimir Horowitz, who up to his death in 1989 was widely regarded as the greatest pianist of the 20th century—maybe of all time. Still, the release by Sony Classical of *The Complete Masterworks Recordings*, a 13-CD set of all the recordings Horowitz made for Columbia Masterworks from 1962 to 1973 (when he returned to RCA Victor), offers a happy opportunity to hear afresh Horowitz's brand of keyboard magic without the imposing presence of the man.

Horowitz's Columbia recordings provide a distinctive but narrow view of his art. By the early 1960s, he had shorn himself of his reputation as a fire-breathing virtuoso, all flash and no substance. He began to deploy a wider, deeper repertory. The technique remained impeccable, but Horowitz made an effort to transcend his limitations and become a musician as well as a pianist.

He succeeded as well as he could. He was not as cosmopolitan as Arthur Rubinstein, nor would he ever fool anybody into thinking he was Artur Schnabel, the apostle of German-style "depth." The Columbia disks, all solo, are rife with puckish renditions of Scarlatti sonatas and Schubert impromptus that sometimes verge on eccentricity, and of Beethoven sonatas and Schumann fantasies that often threaten to collapse beneath their own structural weight.

The highlight of the set is his 1965 concert in New York City's Carnegie Hall, with a nervous Horowitz skirting disaster in the opening Bach-Busoni *Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major* before going on to give one of the most thrilling live performances in the history of recorded sound. Another impressive recital is a 1968 television concert, which features Horowitz's best, most graceful reading of Schumann's gentle *Arabeske* as well as a thundering Scriabin *Etude in D-sharp Minor*.

Horowitz continued to play for 16 years after he left Columbia, but his horizons never again expanded, while his coy mannerisms became more pronounced. By the time of his 1986 return to Russia, he had become a musical dwarf star, with an imploding repertory and an arch delivery that only occasionally approximated the youthful firebrand or the mature, thoughtful artist he had once been. The Columbia set records that brief moment when he put it all together and cemented his place in history. For now, at least. ■

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

MAGIC MOMENT: No longer a fire breather, not yet a dwarf star, Horowitz transcended his earlier limitations

Miles Davis: Last Trump

Nearing the end, the jazz master raged valiantly against the dying of the light

LIKE A MAN WHO HAD STRUCK A deal with the devil, Miles Davis possessed astounding creative powers, but was cursed with a dark, heavy spirit. His music and his mercurial moods—he sometimes performed with his back to the audience, and a vicious temper coiled behind his hoarse whisper of a voice—made him jazz's most troubled and intensely gifted star at the time of his death in 1991.

In his lifelong obsession with breaking new ground, Davis revolutionized jazz time and again. One such turning point was the legendary series of albums (among them, *Miles Ahead* and *Sketches of Spain*) that he recorded in the 1950s and '60s with arranger Gil Evans. Borne on Evans' rich orchestrations, Davis' risky improvisational strategies and restless experimentation lifted jazz onto higher planes of complexity and excitement.

In the late '70s, Davis' pal Quincy Jones began urging him to revisit the Evans sessions, but for 15 years Davis declined. Then, at age 65, perhaps sensing that his time was running out, he relented. At the famous jazz festival in Montreux, Switzerland, Jones assembled the original Evans scores and led the orchestra with Davis on solo. The result, *Miles & Quincy Live at Montreux* (Warner), is Davis' final live album. Recorded only weeks before he died, it is an excruciatingly openhearted struggle by a master defiantly raging against the dying of the light.

Davis was dogged by respiratory problems, and his once assertive, quicksilver trumpet tone flickers and flares like an oxygen-starved flame. On *Miles Ahead* he sits out long passages, but with trumpeter Wallace Roney backing him up, Davis' pride and defiance burn through as he suddenly leaps into the final chorus, bobbing atop the careening rhythm with a tone that begins as a crackle and winds up pure and delicate as crystal. On the slow-building *Solea*, he struggles to find himself, then, catching his wind, lets fly a cascade of notes that arc and shimmer with the same brassy authority he wielded 30 or 40 years ago. It was a final courageous flourish, and typically Davis. From struggle and defiance he drew his power, right to the end. —***By David E. Thigpen***

ERIK HEINILA—TURNER PICTURES

DREADFUL COST: Jordan rushing to his gallant doom in a film that, amid the hubbub of battle, shows lives caught up in forces they cannot master

CINEMA

"Who Will Go with Me!"

That cinematic rarity, an intelligent epic, reanimates one of history's crucial, tragic moments

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

THERE ARE THREE COMPELLING reasons to see *Gettysburg*. The first is General Robert E. Lee, the second is Colonel Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, and the last is Brigadier General Lewis Armistead. They don't embrace all the contortions imposed on the human spirit by the military necessity, but they'll do for a potent, dramatic start. And their existence as well-drawn figures amid the hubbub of a four-hour epic speaks well for writer-director Ronald Maxwell's sober intentions and very creditable achievements in this film.

Of the three, Martin Sheen's Lee is the most startling. In American folklore the Confederate leader has been granted near saintly status. Sheen gives us the dark side of the holy warrior, a man of courtly manners who is possessed by a vision of a vainglorious assault on the enemy's center—the vision that produced General George E. Pickett's disastrous charge. It was a course of action that defied reason and forced Lee to withdraw to Virginia.

Lee's opposite number in the film's dramatic scheme is Colonel Chamberlain, commander of a ravaged regiment assigned to defend the Union flank on the hill known as Little Round Top. A college professor and, as played by Jeff Daniels, a soft-spoken humanist-idealist, he is democratic man at his best. And a commander of steely resolve. Almost out of ammunition, unable to withstand another Confederate charge, he mounts a bayonet assault of his own, downhill and through heavy woods.

Finally, there is the late Richard Jordan's Armistead, the film's great romantic, haunted by the fact that he must meet his best friend in battle—haunted too by his unrequited love for the man's wife. "Virginians! Who will go with me!" he cries, rushing to his gallant doom.

All these performances are touched with a sense of rue, a sense of lives caught up in forces they cannot master. This, together with the fact that each side suffered more than 20,000 casualties in the battle, lends a terrible poignancy to the film. The fact that Maxwell struggled for a decade to realize the project (even mortgaging his home to retain the rights to Michael Shaara's Pulitzer-prizewinning novel *The Killer Angels*, on which he based his screenplay) lends a certain critical tolerance to one's view of the film, which lingers too long over the preparations for engagement and contains perhaps too many couriers galloping up with exposition. These flaws, though, are minor compared with the acuity of the film's best characterizations, the vaulting scale of its design and, above all, its old-fashioned belief that history, besides being instructive in itself, can—and should—be a great movie subject. ■

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BOOKS

The Wild Man Within

An Australian novelist re-creates his country's past with a fine originality

A SCARECROW OF A MAN STUMBLES up to three children playing at the edge of a mid-19th century Australian frontier settlement and stutters, "Do not shoot. I am a B-b-british object." The most bumptious of the young group marches the frightened visitor home, where he is taken in as a stray. Speaking English as a forgotten language, he explains that his name is Gemmy Fairley, that he was a cabin boy shipwrecked off Queensland and raised by what today would be called Native Australians. "Blacks," the fearful pioneers call them.

If readers on the other side of the world experience a weird sense of displacement in *Remembering Babylon* (Pantheon; 200 pages), it is because David Malouf writes about his historical compatriots as if they had never left the British Isles. Their bodies may be in the boundless Down Under, but their heads are still full of neat patches of sod, heather and greensward.

The dangers of cultural crossings are unavoidable, as Malouf's title suggests. Fairley, a white man with Aboriginal ways, represents a primitive immigrant's worst confusion: the man in the right skin but the wrong tribe, a reminder of instincts caged but not tamed by civilization.

So it is not the natives who are restless. Fairley, the harmless handyman of the good-hearted family that shelters him, stirs paranoia among the ignorant and the intolerant, who worry about uprisings and the loss of racial identity.

There is little doubt that Gemmy, embodying the Old World reborn in the New, is a sacred memory. But Malouf, a poet as well as a prizewinning novelist, is never too obvious. No stereotypes jump out of the bush.

Two of the novel's main characters survive to sample the new age. The boy who first led Fairley into town is an important government minister at the time of World War I. His cousin is a nun and natural scientist whose correspondence with a German bee expert arouses suspicions that she is a foreign agent. With this lovely bit of linkage, Malouf closes a remarkably original book: a lyric history that is also a national contra-epic. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

SINGERS

And Two More for the Road

Still feisty at 77, the Voice looks back and comes back

By JAY COCKS

THERE AREN'T MANY POP ICONS who can live up to the size of their legend, who can fill the outlines of all that our imaginations insist upon. But Frank Sinatra never gives short change. Not even now, at age 77. He has made his first studio album in a decade, at a time when other singers might clam up and hide their age. Sinatra, of course, proceeds as always: he brandishes it and defies it.

On *Duets* (Capitol), Sinatra makes his way through classics as various as *Come Rain or Come Shine* and *Witchcraft* in some highly charged (Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand) and occasionally unexpected (Aretha Franklin, Bono of U2) commercial company, showcasing a shaky voice and a still unexcelled skill at performing a song, acting it until every corner is explored, every emotion exhausted. He doesn't have the range, but no one, including his *Duets* partners, knows the feeling of a song as well as Sinatra.

The new album is a shot at reassertion, but it's also guaranteed to cause a double dose of culture shock, especially to anyone who revisits the effortless grace of the Voice on *Frank Sinatra: The Columbia Years*, a formidable 12-CD boxed set spanning 1943-52 that has also just been released in the U.S. As it reminds us, Sinatra has shared a mike with an odd assortment of partners. There have been pros like Rosemary Clooney and Doris Day as well as curiosities like Shelley Winters, and knowing this somehow tempers the blow of hearing Sinatra play vocal tag with Julio Iglesias on *Duets' Summer Wind*, or hearing Streisand tell "Francis" that "you make me blush" at the end of *I've Got a Crush on You*.

The best combos on *Duets* are either the most traditional (Sinatra and Bennett knocking the stuffing out of *New York, New York*) or the weirdest (Bono and Sinatra chasing each other around *I've Got You Under My Skin*, treating each other with barbed respect and turning the tune into a witty trade-off between two generations).

Duets means to show that Sinatra's still in play, but it's a good thing to keep the Columbia set in mind. It reminds us that his is the kind of legacy that makes such games of catch-up, however cheering, essentially superfluous. The *Columbia Years* charts the first rush of Sinatra's greatness from mid-1943 when, because of a musicians' strike, he laid down his first CDs for the label a cappella. The set soars through the supernal standards (abetted by the arrangements of Axel Stordahl, a fleet hand with a ballad, and George Siravo, a mean man on the upbeat) that would make his reputation and ends with some of the dross the label forced on him near the end of his contract in the early '50s.

Columbia had a new president, Mitch Miller, who wanted Sinatra to broaden his commercial range (read: sell more records). "Mitch wanted to do some horrible song," recalls Paul Weston, who worked the session as a producer, "and he brought in . . . a [country] guitar player who was famous for making his guitar sound like a chicken." At the end of the session, Miller rushed past Sinatra to hug the chicken plucker. Sinatra could read the signals; three months later, he headed to Capitol, where he initiated a series of so-called concept albums.

Those Capitol records (like *In the Wee Small Hours, Songs for Swingin' Lovers, Only the Lonely*) may be the unshakable foundation of Sinatra's greatness, but as critic Will Friedwald makes clear in his witty book accompanying the CD set, the Columbia sides are the cornerstone. There are 150 songs here that have been unavailable since the days of the 78. The collection contains every tune Sinatra ever laid down for the label, including a fair number of mismatches (like *Home on the Range*) and a couple of howlers (like the humiliating novelty number *Mama Will Bark*). Granted, it may not be vital to own *The Columbia Years*. The set is very expensive, has the approximate heft of an overnight bag and may require reshelving to fit in with other CDs. Perhaps it would be better to forget about it, then.

Well, perhaps not. Sinatra has always had one of the best vocal instruments in the business, and surely one of the most seductive. His powers were in their first full flower during the Columbia period, and one need only hear *That Old Feeling* to want to hear all the songs. Between the classics like *Time After Time* and arcana like *Meet Me at the Copa*, *The Columbia Years* is a vital piece of the history Sinatra made. And he made it, one is reminded, with one of the best voices on that long, long road. ■

LARRY BUSACCA—RETNA

LEO FASCIATO—STAR FILE

There's no one in the place except you and me: Sinatra in his Columbia years; back home in Jersey last August

FURTHERMORE

Shaq Treatment: Hoop star and human media whirlwind Shaquille O'Neal has a soft-drink deal, an autobiography (*Shaq Attack*), a movie deal (*Blue Chips*) and now his own rap album, *Shaq Diesel*, boasting a chart-scaling single. Its title? *I Know I Got Skillz*.

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?, the Depression-era tune that helped elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, is being put to work again. This month Barbra Streisand and Abbey Lincoln will be among the singers on *Dime*, an album benefiting America's homeless.

By Emily Mitchell, with bureau reports

DANCE United States

Warnings from Palace and Forest

Passage Through the Gong Choreographed by Sardono W. Kusumo

AT THE HEIGHT OF COLONIAL rule in the Dutch East Indies, a 19th century Javanese sultan delivered his political message by rechoreographing a traditional dance. Entertaining Dutch officers at his *kraton* (palace), Sultan Paku Buwana IX instructed his court dancers to incorporate the modern props of wineglasses and pistols into their formal, stylized movements. The Javanese, he was subtly informing the visitors, were prepared for the toast of friendship or a duel to the death. The century-old dance—called the *Serimpi Sangupati*—has never been performed outside the court. But now the avant-garde Indonesian choreographer and director Sardono W. Kusumo has made it the cornerstone of an imagist work that uses varying dance forms to connect Indonesia's past to its present.

On a U.S. tour, *Passage Through the Gong* is set to a contemporary composition for gamelan instruments by Rahayu Supanggah and is performed by 19 Indonesian musicians and dancers, including two royal daughters of Paku Buwana XII. Sardono weaves the graceful, codified court dance with the primitive gestures and movement of the Dayak people, who inhabit East Kalimantan's rain forest. In his interpretation, cultures do not clash so much as reflect and complement one another. Balance is achieved through the sound of the gong, which represents the earth—the source of life as well as the final resting place—and is also the heartbeat of people and a threatened natural world.

BOOKS South Africa

Voice of Reason

In No Uncertain Terms by Helen Suzman; Jonathan Ball; 310 pages; $27

BEFORE TAKING HER SEAT IN South Africa's all-white House of Assembly in 1961, Helen Suzman wrote to a constituent that she would give no guarantees except to continue fighting racial discrimination and injustice. And so she has. The daughter of a Jewish immigrant who fled pogroms in Lithuania, she was for 13 years the sole parliamentary voice raised in opposition to apartheid; and until her retirement from politics in 1989, she had truly been her nation's conscience. As the title of her memoirs suggests, Suzman, who turns 76 this month, remains as outspoken as ever.

Dryly, she calls Prime Ministers Hendrik Verwoerd, John Vorster and P.W. Botha "as nasty a trio as you could encounter in your worst nightmares." She recounts her long friendships with Desmond Tutu and Nelson Mandela, whom she first met in 1967 when he was in prison. Briskly she describes riots and acts of repression and her persistence, despite threats and abuse, in keeping before an unwilling public the anguish of the country's black majority. She ends her story optimistic about South Africa's future as the first nonracial election approaches, though noting the increasing violence and worsening conditions of unemployment and poverty among blacks. Once, at a dinner, Suzman's host pointed her out to his black waiter, saying, "This is Mrs. Suzman. She spends all her time trying to help your people." The black man replied, "She waste her time." "No, I didn't," she concludes, writing that it had been a privilege "to have played a part in keeping values alive which most of us believe in."

France

Prelude to a Handshake

Dialogues Between Israel and Palestine by Ibrahim Souss and Zvi Elpeleg, with Eric Rouleau; Plon; 204 pages; $20

EVEN BEFORE THE TALKS THAT ENDED with the White House handshake seen round the world, an Israeli and a Palestinian were engaged in a remarkable private discourse. Last October, Eric Rouleau, a French journalist and former ambassador to Tunis, was asked by Ibrahim Souss, who was the Palestine Liberation Organization's representative in France, to contact Israeli Labor politician Zvi Elpeleg, who had in the past expressed the desire to work out a peaceful solution in the Middle East. Rouleau set up secret meetings between them with the intent of publishing the discussions to show where debate could lead when the two sides met in good faith.

Over a period of several months, the often heated talks that make up *Dialogues Between Israel and Palestine* took place at Rouleau's Paris home or in hotel rooms. Rouleau said the *Journal du Dimanche*, "helps us better understand the long procedure begun long ago to conclude peace." Elpeleg eventually urged the recognition of Palestinians as a people with a distinct identity who have been rejected by other Arabs. They thus "must benefit from the right to self-determination, and to have a state beside—and I said beside—the nation of Israel." Souss closed by believing that "having a common spiritual heritage, we can unify our dreams and aspirations." What, he then asked, "are we waiting for to conclude a concrete peace?"

THEATER Japan

Noh Man's Land

Feather Robe and *Stone Bridge;* Shinjukuh Gyoen National Garden, Tokyo

MUCH AS THE JAPANESE revere Noh dramas, few get around to attending them. The dialogue is recited in an obscure literary style, and the six-centuries-old plays have all-male casts whose acting is so slow that everything seems to be taking place underwater. In recent years, however, the esoteric form has gained interest, and this year Noh productions are attracting crowds in 200 places. Instead of being presented in small theaters, they are given outside at night on stages illuminated by small gas-lit bonfires atop wooden stands. The contrast between quiet outdoor settings and the excitement of the fire and its chiaroscuro effects has quickened the imagination of the Japanese.

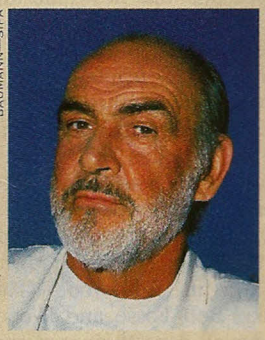
In a Tokyo park at the end of October, 4,000 people ventured out at dusk to view two Noh favorites, *Feather Robe* and *Stone Bridge,* accompanied by a *kyogen,* a short comic work. The actors had microphones, which lent an anachronistic Broadway touch to the classics, but the audience, who sat patiently on the grass for 2½ hours, seemed not to mind. For three consecutive years, the Noh plays slated for Shinjuku had not gone on because of rain. Because costumes and masks are expensive and some of the musical instruments are delicate, even a light drizzle can mean cancellation. The garden is available only on Mondays, so Hikoji Ariue, spokesman for a group that cosponsors the production, and colleagues studied 100 years of Tokyo's rainfall history before scheduling the 1993 production. A process so slow it could almost be part of the Noh repertoire. ■

ANNA WALKER FOR TIME

By EMILY MITCHELL

Well Said

His word is his Bond. **SEAN CONNERY,** 63, went on American TV to swear that he is alive and well. The actor joked with talk-show host David Letterman about rumors of his demise that sped around the world to Europe and Japan after name-alike Texas politician John Connally died. Said Sean: "I came here to be in living color with you, so I'm obviously O.K."



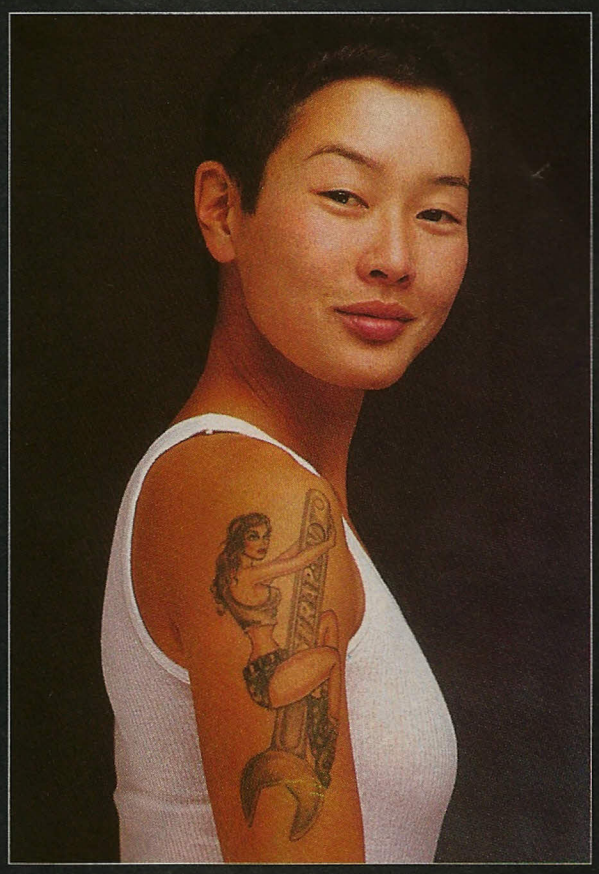
BAUMANN—SIPA

SEEN & HEARD

Germany's **Mathias Rust,** 25, still gets lost on officialdom's radar. Famous for his 1987 flight to Moscow, he was jailed last year for assault. Last week he was released Sunday, recalled Tuesday, and let go the next day. Says he: "I just want to go home."

Chinese-American tennis star **Michael Chang,** 21, is feeling like a hometown hero. In Beijing Chang volleyed into history as the winner of China's first major international professional tennis tourney. His advantage? Fervent support by Beijing spectators—a love match.

MANNY MILLAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



High Speed, Power Steering

How many models can listen to an engine and say, "Hmmm, you've got a gasket leak"? JENNY SHIMIZU, 22, can, because until five months ago she was an auto mechanic in East Hollywood. The granddaughter of Japanese immigrants, she was a tomboy who went to trade school, learning all about carburetors and manifolds. "Guys thought of me as a grimy girl as fearless as they were," she says. Not always. After appearing in a music video, she is now the hottest model on the Paris-Milan runways. The lady astride a monkey wrench is only one of Shimizu's four tattoos—all of them real. Her too.

Hey, Big Spender

Good at math? Probably not as nimble in long division as the 320 staff members of the Four Seasons hotel in Nicosia, Cyprus. They were figuring out their share of a tip left by the **SULTAN OF BRUNEI** after his four-night stay for a Commonwealth conference. With a note reading, "A big thank you. This is a small token of appreciation," the world's richest man sent a bag of cash to the hotel's manager. The sum—about a third of the Sultan's $500,000 bill for the 174 rooms occupied by his delegation—came to $170,000. Keep the change.

ORBAN—SYGMA

Ha Ha the Booker

After the preliminary huffing about which novels ought to be considered for Britain's Booker Prize, the judges voted, the hubbub subsided, and one author has a guaranteed stay on best-seller lists. For a change, 1993's Booker winner was already popular. Ireland's **RODDY DOYLE,** 35, took away the award's $30,000 for *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha,* a view of life through the eyes of a 10-year-old boy in a working-class Dublin suburb. Said Doyle: "I know my ma and da are quite happy with the decision." Begorra, he's a good lad.

ROUSSEAU—PRESS ASSOCIATION

Ringmaster and Clown

FEDERICO FELLINI 1920-1993

By RICHARD CORLISS

MOST DIRECTORS ARE CONTENT to Xerox the world. Federico Fellini created his own world on film, and it has taken the rest of us a lifetime to appreciate the acuity of his vision.

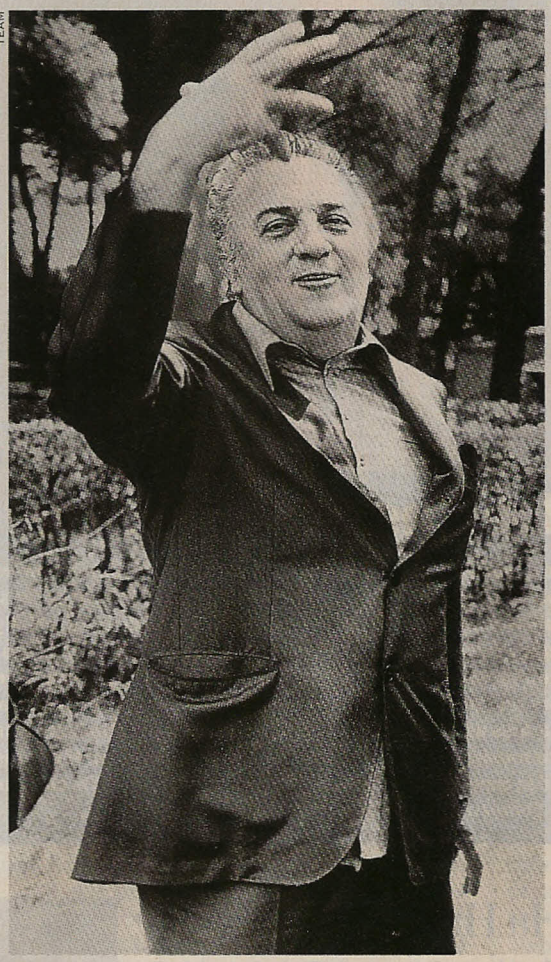
In *La Dolce Vita* (1960), *8½* (1963), *Amarcord* (1974) and 20 other films, overripe images spilled out of his cornucopia: clowns and courtesans, prelates and zealots, overripe creatures from a fantast's bestiary. At first they looked like outrageous cartoons of sensuality and sacrilege. But long before his death last week at 73, from complications after a stroke, it was clear they were previews of a moral system spun wildly off its axis. For 30 years and more, the word Felliniesque has defined not just the director's work but a style at the peacock end of film, photography, fashion, advertising, high life and street life.

The times are surreal enough now; we can appreciate Fellini as a prophet and documentarian of every cultural excess of the late 20th century. There's no question that Fellini was in part satirizing his milieu. But because he was incapable of a stillborn frame of film, his pictures celebrate what they criticize; they amount to a cautionary blueprint for survival in the atomic age. If you've been very lucky or very naughty, then life for you is like a Fellini movie.

His work and his world were bigger than life, from the days when young Federico came from Rimini to Rome, sketching caricatures on Via Veneto tablecloths. And so in his later films, faces are pressed against the window of the camera lens; people talk too loud or too much; makeup is applied with a trowel; actors are encouraged to go over the top, to skywrite their emotions on the screen.

As a boy Fellini really did run away to join a traveling circus. He was sent home within a few days, but his heart stayed there. In a Fellini film, life is a circus without surcease. Come inside, children of all ages, where (in *Amarcord*) the snowflakes are as fat as pancakes, where (in *The Nights of Cabiria*, 1957) streetwalkers dance like schoolgirls and (in *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965), God may be waiting for you in the attic.

Fellini once played God: he was the vagabond whom a peasant (Anna Magnani) mistakes for Jesus in Roberto Rossellini's *The Miracle* (1948). For Fellini, however, God was a goddess and woman was the world—everything in the world that excites and frightens, forbids and enchants. To Marcello in *La Dolce Vita*, woman is "mother, sister, daughter, lover, angel, home." How small and sad and funny men are in comparison! At one end of the spectrum they are like the midget bluenose in *Boccaccio 70* (1962) overwhelmed by Anita Ekberg as a sexual giantess—it's the attack of the 50-ft. libido. At the other end they are like Guido in *8½* cracking the whip in a vain attempt to tame his harem menagerie.



TEAM

"Felliniesque" defined a style at the peacock end of film, fashion, advertising, high life and street life

In some of his later extravaganzas, *Fellini's Casanova* (1976) and *City of Women* (1979), woman was a dream flowering into nightmare, and unfortunate man was Phallus in Wonderland. Fellini was not the sort of artist to mature as he grew older; he was emotionally a child, an avid teenager, like all the overage boys in his movies. And so, in some of the late ones, he tilted from parody to self-parody. It was inevitable, perhaps, that he would find it difficult to distinguish between *being* Fellini and *doing* Fellini.

Early or late, prime or decadent, these films are unmistakably those of an Italian male of the late 20th century. Italian, yes, but also universal. No European filmmaker has been imitated so flatteringly on Broadway (*Cabiria* and *8½* both found their way to the musical stage) and in Hollywood (Paul Mazursky, Bob Fosse and Woody Allen have all done their own confessional glosses on *8½*). Male, yes, but with a stethoscope auditing the heart of a woman. *La Strada, Cabiria, Juliet* and *Ginger and Fred* (1983) are four sympathetic diagnoses of vital women used by weak men. They are also, of course, dynamic showcases for the talents of Giulietta Masina, who for 49 years was Signora Fellini. In his films she was the average, put-upon feminine spirit, just as Marcello Mastroianni was the gallantly anguished soul of modern man.

Where can these warring sexes find equality and transcendence? Only on the stage, or at the circus, or in the movies—in the gaudy popular arts from which Fellini's gaudy, sophisticated art emerged. A girl might dance with her cartoon hero made flesh; stokers on a great ship might feel a little better hearing the friendly competition of high notes from opera stars many decks above them. And for Guido in *8½*, it is the knowledge that on celluloid he can do *anything:* reunite lovers, reconcile families, turn dream into drama and lead all life's players in a dance around the center ring. Who else has such sorcerer's power? And who, besides Fellini, used that power with such wondrous recklessness? ■

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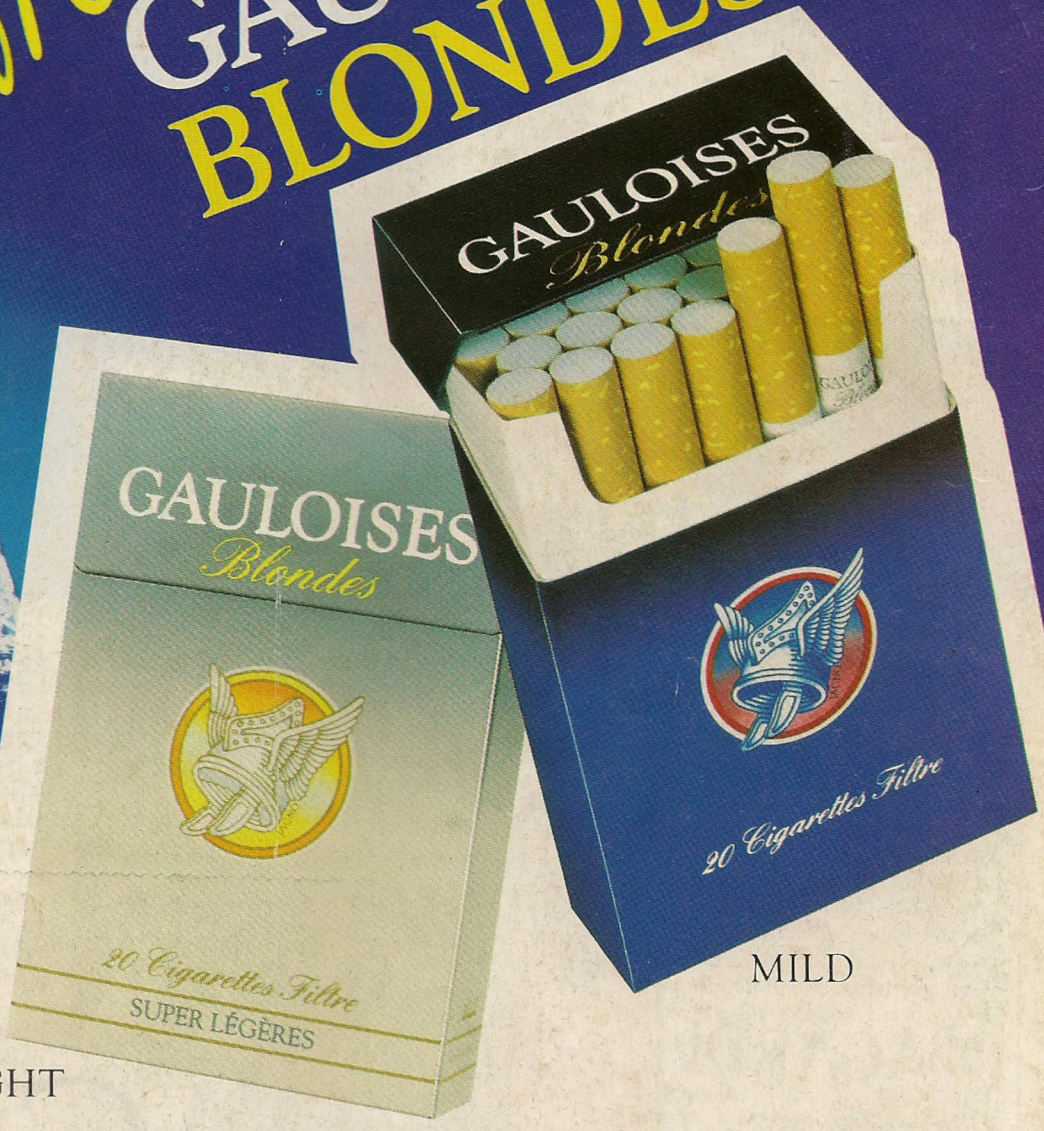

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